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DOSSIER

David Cronenberg works on his Marcel Marceau impression.

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"I think there's a breed of video-psychotic in the making . . ."

CRONENBERG: THE MEDIUM AND THE MESSENGER

It should've come as no surprise when a local CBS-TV "culture" reviewer snarlingly labeled David Cronenberg's latest film *Videodrome*, "the tackiest movie of the year." *Videodrome*, which rips away any comfortable distance those who manufacture TV programming might like to have from their viewers, is a direct challenge to such arbiters of the tube.

And challenge, particularly really scary threats encompassing mind controls and corporeal takeovers, are central to Cronenberg's repertoire. Just beginning to emerge aboveground with his morally unresolved, surrealistic and highly intelligent cinema, Cronenberg sets himself apart from the bulk of North American scare directors. While most typical horror films are merely cleverly strung together sequences of action-reaction, Cronenberg's play to a different pace. With slow, inexorable beauty, they wrap sensuality and slime into a pulsating fusion of possible tomorrows. Men and women fuse with alien creatures, other minds or machines—to truly become, as in *Videodrome*, "the new flesh."

The purveyor of such disturbing transformations is a 39-year-old native-born Torontonian who speaks in well-modulated grammatical English and resembles a better-looking Clark Kent. Of his upbringing, David Cronenberg chuckles in a refined manner, saying, "I don't think you'll find the seeds of my madness there. Freud would be bored." He grew up in a warm, comfortable, middle-class environment, raised by a writer father and pianist mother (who still plays for Nureyev's exercise classes, whenever the artist is in town.)

Educated at the University of Toronto (best known for the distinct spiritual presence of Marshall McLuhan—who, in the guise of Professor Brian O'Blivion, is at the core of *Videodrome*), Cronenberg studied biochemistry and English. Unexpectedly, his formal education evolved into Cronenberg's directing 16mm shorts starting in 1966. Among his acknowledged influences are fellow Canadian Michael Snow and Americans Kenneth Anger and William Burroughs.

Cronenberg released his first feature film, *They Came From Within*, (originally called *Shivers*) in 1975. The movie, which portrayed the takeover of apartment-complex inhabitants by sexual parasites—leading to all manner of frenzy—bears an extraordinary resemblance to J.G. Ballard's *High Rise*, published that same year.

They Came From Within was followed by *Rabid* (1977), in which a motorcycle accident victim (played by porn queen Marilyn Chambers) wakes up from surgery to become a rapist-vampire. In 1979's *The Brood*, Samantha Eggar transmutes her anger onto a cadre of fetuses that exact revenge on the targets of her wrath. *Scanners* (1980), widened Cronenberg's audiences as neighborhood movie houses (and ultimately, Home Box Office) offered his battle between those who can destroy through mind control and their opponents.

Cronenberg continues to move towards what will hopefully be his ultimate place in society—potentially a Spielberg for those who'd rather think about a telephone's real meaning than "phone home" on it—by making his next project Stephen King's *The Dead Zone*. I spoke with David late on a Sunday night when he'd just returned from the small Ontario town that is the *Dead Zone* set.

—Toby Goldstein

HM: Tell the truth—how much of a McLuhanite are you?

DC: Well, I'm not a card-carrying McLuhanite, but I am a bit of one. After all, I'm from Toronto, which is where McLuhan was from; I was educated at the University of Toronto, and his influence was

NIGHT OF THE LIVING MOVIE

First things first: ***Midnight Movies*** by **J. Hoberman** and **Jonathan Rosenbaum** (Harper & Row) isn't as much fun to read as the movies it covers are to see. As a film professor remarked to me, Hoberman and Rosenbaum are academics without a university. *Midnight Movies* takes cult films seriously—even loony ones like *Rocky Horror* and *Pink Flamingos*—so it isn't the kind of book you'd take along to the beach for some light reading.

That said, Hoberman and Rosenbaum have done an impressive job of covering the bases. First base: the movies themselves, how they were made and cast. Second base: details about the lives and careers of the filmmakers. Third base: where the films played in special midnight showings around the USA, and for how long they were in vogue. Home plate for *Midnight Movies* is its

very much felt there. I've read several of his books, and he's always been a very fascinating character for me—even though I never actually met him.

HM: After watching *Videodrome*, I said to myself, the fact that *Understanding Media* is subtitled "The Extensions of Man" cannot be totally coincidental.

DC: Oh no, definitely not! And of course, Brian O'Blivion has a lot in common with Mr. McLuhan. In fact, McLuhan converted to Catholicism and was a very religious man. And for that reason, in part at least, O'Blivion's room is my version of McLuhan's Catholicism. His office with the wooden angels and the religious icons.

HM: Can you accept things like video-game parlors as some real-life manifestations of the Cathode Ray Mission in the film?

DC: I suppose so. There's a television reality which is, for a lot of people, more real than the world of their own particular experience. If you watch TV and the news is depressing and then you read the paper and everything's terrible, you walk outside and you feel awful. It could be a beautiful spring day and the people you meet on the street smile at you and say hello, but you still feel depressed and paranoid. In a case like that, the media reality is much stronger than your own reality.

And yet, it could be totally false. The reports of various things on the news are not necessarily true or accurate. And people react to them as though they were experiences they actually had. And I guess if you extended that into video games, there's a sort of video world you plug into that somehow I think attaches itself very well onto the human nervous system—because it certainly can be addictive. Yeah, I think there's a breed of video-psychotic in the making, who can't tell certain kinds of reality from fantasy.

Max Renn (James Woods) wonders if it's real, or if it's Memorex.

"Every time a character in one of my films dies, it's really an experimental death for me . . ."

HM: When I was a communications graduate student, we spent an entire class studying the implications of it being impossible to distinguish a "live" event from something "on tape." Isn't that another aspect of *Videodrome*?

DC: That's absolutely true, because O'Blivion's daughter says that O'Blivion felt life on television was more real than life in the flesh anyway, so he didn't mind dying. And it's true. Johnny Carson could've died three years ago. Who would know? Haven't you ever had an occasion where you'd be watching someone on television and you'd say, "Hey, is he still alive? Didn't he die last year?" and you can't remember whether the person's alive or dead. There's a media version of the guy, who is more real to you than the real guy—and who can go on living in many forms after the real guy is dead. And it doesn't make any difference to you.

I was thinking of the Israeli war in Beirut. That the Israelis seemed to feel that they won the war but they totally lost the *media* war—the shadow version of it, which is what most of the world reacted to. It turned out to be a huge defeat for them, in the sense of world opinion.

HM: You must think a lot about propaganda.

DC: Of course, in a dictatorship you do have that kind of focus that I think is missing in the Western world. I know there are a lot of conspiracy freaks, especially in the States, but I don't think there's a disciplined, well-organized attempt to use the media for specific purposes in the West. But you could see how it could be done.

But even if it is uncontrolled . . . I think that's what McLuhan was talking about, when he said that television in particular, but the media in general, have enormous impact on us, even physically. I don't think I'm exaggerating to say television has changed our bodies. We have different bodies from people who've never been exposed to it. And yet, it's totally uncontrolled and not very well understood, but it's altering all kinds of things in our lives. And since people are control freaks anyway, they might as well figure out how to control it, or at least understand what's going on.

HM: To be honest, I'll have to see *Videodrome* more than once. I'm confused as to whether the conclusion and fate of Max Renn was supposed to represent victory or defeat.

DC: Well, I don't think that's a bad reaction, because the duality of it is intentional. Certainly, the character smiles when he says, "Long live the new flesh." As the character Masha says to him, "The Videodrome people have a philosophy, which is something you don't have, Max." And by the end of the film, he has *got* that philosophy, but it leads him to a kind of suicide. And yet because he's willing and confident it's also positive.

HM: Do you believe in the idea of "death as life?"

DC: Well, I'd like to come to some sort of resolution between life and death that is positive. I can't say in my life that I've reached that. But it's certainly something that I play with a lot in the films that I make, and I've said this before but it's still true—that every time a character in one of my films dies, it's really an

---

effect on readers who haven't seen a certain flick: after reading about it, do you want to go out and catch the next showing? For me and David Lynch's *Eraserhead*, the answer is yes; for me and Jodorowsky's *El Topo*, the answer is no.

Cult films covered in *Midnight Movies* include *Night of the Living Dead*, *Glen and Glenda* (more!), *Performance*, *Reefer Madness*, *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, *The Harder They Come*, *Myra Breckinridge*, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, *King of Hearts*, *Scorpio Rising*, *Chelsea Girls*, and just about anything else that ever kept you out 'til three a.m. staring at the big screen. Best bits: the info about David Lynch's life in the Philly slums and his eating habits, and the mainstream press's hysterical responses to most of the above flicks upon their release ("the most nauseating movie of all time, the filmmaker should be committed . . ." blah, blah, blah).

As Roger Ebert put it so well, the aim of these movies is to "rise below vulgarity." A little less politeness from the authors about their subject might've helped *Midnight Movies* rise in the same direction—but as it is, this is better than a film textbook has any right to be.

—Michael S. Barson

experimental death for me, a kind of rehearsal for my own death.

HM: Do these "rehearsals" stem from your trying to get a grip on fear?

DC: Absolutely, no question about it. But there are many other things involved. Life is a very mysterious thing, and I don't pretend to have any answers. And if there is emotional confusion in the ending of a film for a viewer, it's only because there is in myself. I think it's very legitimate to express enlightened confusion.

HM: From fear, it's a natural jump to pain. It seems to me that *Videodrome* conveys a tacit acceptance of pain as a part of sex.

DC: To me, pain is a *potential* component of sex. I happen to think that sex, in nature, has a very violent aspect to it. I don't mean people slapping each other around, and I'm not talking about S&M. Even doing it in the missionary position with someone you love—there's penetration involved, of one body by another body. To me, that kind of intimacy is violent.

HM: There's also the tie between sex and death.

DC: Sex and death have always been linked, for as long as people have written about it. For the metaphysical poets, "to die" was a euphemism for "to have an orgasm." And also, sex and death are linked because, when you think of it in terms of procreation, our most biological claim to immortality is through children. So there is always a connection between sex and death, and sex and violence, as far as I'm concerned.

But it's very complex and I think you've got to watch out for simplistic sloganeering. I think *Videodrome* deals with some of that in a relatively complex way. Because although the characters Max and Nicki get into some relatively mild S&M, even in the ear-piercing scene, they kiss each other rather tenderly. The music there is rather lush, almost romantic—and that was also intentional.

HM: *The Dead Zone* will be the first film you haven't written. What made you decide to do it?

DC: Aside from being interested in working with Dino DiLaurentiis, Stephen King, and Deborah Hill . . . the book itself has some themes that are similar to some of the stuff I do. For example, the idea that someone begins embedded in his society relatively secure and then something happens to make him a kind of freak, putting him on the outside of society by virtue of his extra sensitivity. Now that's just like *Scanners*, for instance. Also the idea of the visions that the guy has, and the challenge of reinventing those for the cinema. In *Videodrome* I deal with the idea of someone slipping into a very convincing hallucination. And of course, the preoccupation with death.

"I happen to think that sex has a very violent aspect to it."

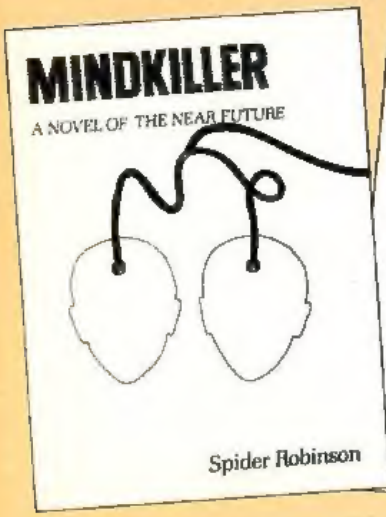
But the things that were different also intrigued me. Because Stephen's characters tend to be very familiar, very nice, simple, and honest, even when they're bad guys. And mine tend to be very arcane and complex. And I was interested in trying to fuse that.

HM: There's a specific morality to Stephen King's work—the good guys win—which is certainly not as clear cut in your work.

DC: That's true. Although, I must say, the way in which the victory is won in *Dead Zone* is at a great cost to several people. That makes it something I can relate to.

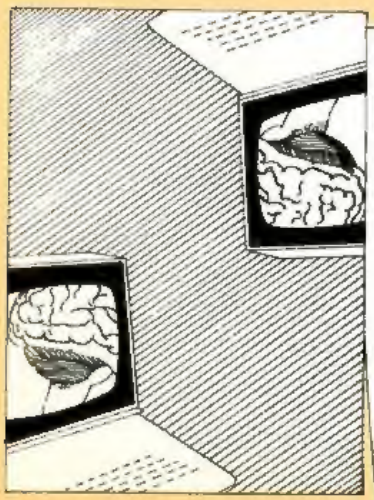
HM: Is it true that you plan to make a film of Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*?

DC: That is something I've said I've always wanted to do. And I have, in fact, talked to some of his people. But I haven't really had the time to pursue it. It would be awfully



One of the most important areas of research in modern science is the brain. Can the brain understand the brain? Francis Crick, the breaker of the genetic code, said in *Scientific American* (9/79), "There is no scientific study more vital to man than the study of his own brain. Our entire view of the universe depends on it." Spider Robinson comes up with a new twist in the sf sub-genre of inner space and the workings of the brain/mind in *Mindkiller* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). His story could be set in the present but for regular infusions of objects (like ashless cigarettes) and situations which give the book its sense of a subtle time shift into a credible near future. Robinson builds on a Larry Niven idea called "wireheading," a nineties pleasure-seeking activity involving direct electrical stimulation to the brain, to tell a moralistic tale of mind control and brain reward.

The book is structured finely, and eventually—cross-cutting between contrasts in rural/urban, mind/brain, pleasure/pain, and apparently unrelated time frames—integrates into a pattern which rewards the reader for staying with the until-the-last-minute unresolved plot.



Review/illustrations by Brian Evans

hard, and I'd really have to reinvent it for the screen. There is a certain amount of Burroughs imagery that runs through my films, and he was certainly a big influence on me as a kid.

HM: So what do you like to record on your own videotape machine?

DC: I'm pretty middle-class. I like car racing, boxing. I normally record things I want to see later, just like most people. I rent tapes to watch movies. I'm just a normal, everyday kind of person. Go to the home of a comedian. That's where you'll find true sadism....

FUTURE TENSE

Science fiction writers seem to be a grim lot. What's eating them, anyway? After all, if high Reagan administration officials are so sure that our blooming economy will snap back four or five years after a nuclear holocaust, isn't it time we got happy? Aren't sf novels unnecessarily depressing? Judging from the most recent efforts of Anderson, Kaye & Godwin, Thurston, and Varley, the future isn't all it used to be cracked up to be.

Poul Anderson's most recent sf novel, ***Orion Shall Rise*** (Timescape/Simon & Schuster), would hardly turn our president's hair gray, but it does report on the aftermath of a harrowing nuclear war that four or five centuries hence has changed the face of the Earth (and makes no provision for a post-nuclear GNP). Anderson has turned his considerable powers once again to the writing of a leisurely and richly detailed novel that borrows from the antique literature of the Danes to cast the future in a suffusing, enobling light. His odd mixture of pastoral and heroic sagas is unique in science fiction, and *Orion Shall Rise* is particularly fine—even sagacious—and it may be (as his publishers maintain) his Big One.

Disaster aloft is the theme of **John Varley**'s engrossing sf thriller, ***Millenium*** (Berkley). If it weren't for the last four pages, which uncomfortably summon to mind the *deus ex machina* ending of *2001*, this might be the best time travel novel since Wells let his Sleeper wake. It's also one of the most successfully-worked alternating chapter compositions I've encountered in years. Bill Smith, who accounts for roughly half the chapters, is an air crash investigator working for the Federal Aviation Board. Louise Baltimore, a denizen of future Earth, already long-lived and a survivor in her twenties, is a kidnapper. She replaces passengers on doomed aircraft with premalmed bodies, catapulting healthy twentieth century types into the bleak, poisioned future. Varley's mixture of Smith's present and Baltimore's graphic, final days warning to anti-conservations is just short of masterful.

In still another far, far post-holocaust future, four thousand years from now, humanity is divided into two camps: those living in the City, and a simple pastoral nation of Coveners. Sound familiar? **Marvin Kay** and **Parke Godwin** have taken the situation of Clarke's *The City and the Stars* and brought to it their own wit and sensibility, turning an adventure premise into a crafty exploration of culture clash. The second of their novels set in this future world, ***Wintermind*** (Doubleday), is an effective sequel to the authors' 1978 *The Masters of Solitude*, a novel that quickly achieved cult status among readers undeterred by Kaye and Godwin's uncompromisingly dense prose and complicated narrative. *Wintermind* follows through without hesitation—in fact it might be better looked upon as the second half of a long, epic tale, rather than as a separate book (though even first time readers should find the novel's texture and breadth ultimately rewarding).

After traveling so many years into the future, **Robert Thurston**'s ***A Set of Wheels*** (Berkley) seems just around the corner in time. While the others predict quick disaster falling from the sky, Thurston

***"A Set of Wheels* may be the best book published this year . . ."**

describes a gradual and all-too-convincing deterioration in our quality of life. If *1984* reflected the depressed/oppressed spirit of an age looking into a bleak future, Thurston's novel may well be the *1984* of the eighties. It may also be the best book published this year, in or out of genre; the picaresque journey of Lee Kestner, compounded of boredom, sensitivity, and a great urge to drive on out of here, might be the central message for our time.

A pleasure to read about a thinking man like ourselves, and like ourselves, born to run. But if there's any lesson in these books, it's this: the future won't wait until we get there.

—John W. Silbersack

LONGO SHOT

Is now everybody?" It's a valid question, coming at the end of Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*, but Pynchon probably never expected **Robert Longo**'s reply. Longo, a so-called "SoHo artist," "new wave artist," and "punk gone professional," had a double one-man show in February at New York's Castelli and Metro Pictures galleries called "NOWEVERYBODY," in which he answers Pynchon more than affirmatively.

Longo himself is practically everybody. The leading exponent of the latest art movement termed "image scavenging," he makes sculpture, drawings, reliefs, music, performances, and film. The art is more the attitude than the form. The "new wave" moniker refers to the influence of music of that ilk on his work, but more to his deliberate depictions of a sort of malevolent ambiguity. The image scavengers are a school of post-graduates of post-modernism who are so burdened with media images

Robert Longo and his "Corporate Wars"
photo by **Robin Holland**

that they choose to comment on the impossibility of originality, often by manipulating images from other work. Longo does this with more originality than most.

His series of enormous drawings (eight or nine feet high) called "Men in the Cities" is made up of individual male and female figures in black and white, against white backgrounds, who look like hip young night-clubbing urbanites—from the eighties, or the fifties. But they are all writhing and twisted, seemingly caught in the middle of a dance of death to New Order—or, maybe they've just been shot in the back. There's total abandonment in both, an escape from the over-stimulation of city life into the only available oblivion.

Longo often shows the drawings in a series, broken up by a monument or giant relief—these, in the Castelli show, look like authoritative buildings tipping, about to fall on and smother you. According to the artist, huge buildings are *always* smothering you. Other reliefs depict bronzed men at war—who, on closer examination, are corporate executives. All of it touches on the smallness and confusion of the individual, given the largess of everything else. What is Longo's stance in all of this? Accordingly, he leaves it ambiguously up to the viewer. His chilling figures and reliefs are hopefully so distancing they frighten the taker into something other than the usual media submission.

Longo, 30, grew up in New

Grandmaster Flash: The Bronx's Mr. Clean.
photo by Joe Stevens

York, and is now beginning to receive mass recognition. "I've got a live-wire to culture," he explains, without presumption, "and I know exactly what's going to happen. I think if you're going to make art, you have to see into the future. That's what I see my real job as—warning people."

—Merle Ginsberg

RAP-UP

Rap is the sound of the streets. It began there, on the sidewalks and schoolyards of the Bronx, kids bragging in rhythm and rhyme, like Muhammad Ali before a fight. Moving indoors to parties and clubs, rappers worked with DJs who created new music out of melodic and rhythmic fragments of existing records. DJs then developed new techniques called cutting and scratching—extending a song's percussion break by relaying the beat from turntable to turntable. By elongating the music, cutting gives the rapper—or MC—a steady rhythm to stretch out on and tell a story.

The stories of rap move from street (dealing with day-to-day reality) to slick (formulaic self-promotion) and back again. Good examples of the street/slick split are '79-80 rap hits like **the Sugarhill Gang**'s "Rapper's Delight" (Sugarhill), based on Chic's "Good Times," and preoccupied with the rapper's skill as a lover ("Hotel/Motel/Holiday Inn/If your girl starts messin' up/You take off with her friend."). **Brother D. and Collective Effort**'s "How You Gonna Make the Black Nation Rise" (Clapper) is the politicized response to the vacuity of "Rapper's Delight."

By 1982 rap had entered a new, mature phase. Spurred by the high-culture notoriety of its attendant art forms—break dancing and graffiti—rap spawned what will probably be its most influential records. "Planet Rock" by **Afrika Bambaataa and the Soul Sonic Force** (Tommy Boy) contains an upbeat interplanetary philosophy, a new chanting/singing rap style, and—most importantly—rap's first all-synthesizer backing track (lifted from Kraftwerk), merging rap with electro-disco. Since "Planet Rock," there has yet to be an important rap record without electronics.

The synthesizer also provides the musical hook for the biggest rap hit of all, "The Message," by **Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five** (Sugarhill). But it's the verbal hook, "Don't push me/'Cause I'm close to the edge," that brings "The Message" back to the street. It catalogues the extremes of urban life—from birth in poverty to death in a jail cell—with a gritty reality rarely found in other mediums.

Since these songs hit, rappers have toured the USA and Europe, and their records have become the music of choice at chic New York art openings and at the Roxy, the trendiest NYC disco since Studio 54. Newer records merge the street and slick even further—Bambaataa's "Looking For the Perfect Beat" (Tommy Boy), **the Fearless Four**'s "Rockin' It" (Enjoy), and **the Treacherous Three**'s "Yes We Can Can" (Sugarhill).

Rap has even found its way to the pro basketball court. As New Jersey Nets' center Darryl Dawkins informed a *New York Post* sportswriter: "When I'm dead/They can bury me deep/Put both turntables at my feet/Put my mixers right by my head/So when I'm gone I can rock the dead."

Now that's what I call getting over!

—Stuart Cohn

Discog-rap-hy

"Rapper's Delight" can be found on *The Greatest Rap Hits* (Sugarhill) which, with its companion volume, *Greatest Rap Hits, Vol. 2*, are essential to any record collection. They include raps by the Furious Five, Spoonie Gee, the Funky Four Plus One, and "The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel"—still the greatest DJ cutting record ever.

THE NUVINYL CHOPPING BLOCK

The Birthday Party, *Junkyard* (U.K. 4 A.D.): Like a vinyl nightmare co-directed by Davids Lynch and Cronenberg, featuring Iggy gobbling Jim Morrison's entrails to a soundtrack of Romero doom-zombies playing the Black Sabbath songbook. In other words, the *nastiest, ugliest, sleaziest, trashiest, slimiest,* and most enjoyable record I've heard since *Raw Power*. With a superb, hell-on-wheels cover by Big Daddy Roth.

Black Sabbath, *Live Evil* (Warner Bros.): Speak of the devil (heh, heh). The one Sabbaf record everyone *needs* to own. Though my eighteen-year-old nephew from New Jersey claims these limpwrists go flaccid in the presence of Judas Priest, I find B.S.'s wailing thunder-drone and Jack Kirby-style satanism kinda cute. Best when they stick to the short, simple, stentorian, story-song mode. Come to think of it, along with Motorhead's *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith*, this is the only *heavy metal* record you need to own.

Heaven, *Heaven Bent* (Columbia): Unlike this Aussie band's American debut. Heavy metal is like sex—only a few variations on one basic idea, but somehow lots of people still have an insatiable appetite for it. Musically this one's a cross between the Sabs and Bad Co., and sartorially an outtake from *The Road Warrior* (same leather-loving designer), but skins don't make the band. Their "In the Beginning," an hm tribute/greatest hits riff-medley, only shows how little we've progressed in ten years.

Ric Ocasek, *Beatitude* (Geffen): A disappointment, if you expected Ocasek's solo debut to move beyond facile pop automotives (as I did), but okay if you like the Cars (which I do on the second Tuesday of each month). While undeniably stylish, skillful, and intermittently occluded by a penumbral sense of alienation, this one's just too unadventurous for the stringy guy who brought Suicide to *The Midnight Special*.

Essential 12" Singles:
Spoonie Gee, "Spoonie Is Back" (Sugarhill)
The Jonzun Crew, "Space Is the Place" (Tommy Boy)
Fab 5 Freddy, "Une Salle Histoire" (Celluloid)
Grand Mixer DST and Infinity, "Grand Mixer (Cuts It Up)" (Celluloid)
Hurt 'Em Bad, "Monday Night Football" (Profile)—to keep you Howard Cosell freaks warm until next September.

(If you live in South Africa, or some other place without easy access to a good black music record store, try the following helpful mail-order outfits: Vinyl Mania: 30 Carmine St., NYC 10014, (212) 929-1658. Downstairs Records: 20 W. 43rd St., NYC 10036, (212) 354-4684. Down Town Records: 119 Worth St., NYC 10013, (212) 227-3816 and 799 6th Ave., NYC 10011, (212) 924-5791. Mail-O-Disc: 855e Conklin St., Farmingdale, NY 11735, (516) 694-0088.)

Yellowman in black & white.
photo by Sara Rios

YELLOW JOURNALISM

The biggest reggae sensation since Bob Marley is *not* a fearsome rasta, hardly a fire-breathing dread. He doesn't even sing about smoking pot. In fact, he's not really a singer at all. The man known as **Yellowman** is a mellow-rappin' MC, a DJ who drives Kingston dance-hall crowds wild with patois patter, corny crooning, and nonsense singsong rhyme-alongs. Armed only with a microphone, he's become a local legend over the last year or so.

Why Yellowman? Musically-attuned announcers have provided low-rent live entertainment in Jamaica since the mid-sixties. Backed by mobile sound systems with turntable jockeys mixing the hits, the DJs "toast" or rap to the music—prefiguring Grandmaster Flash and the NYC rap scene by a few years, at least. The DJ style has come to the forefront in JA in the last two years, and in a scene populated with characters like Lone Ranger, Papa Michigan and General Smiley, Sister Nancy and Nicodemus — Yellowman stands out from the crowd.

And not only because of that relaxed, mellifluous rap.

"With pink, perpetually sunburned skin and starchy, corn-yellow braids, you'd best believe Yellowman cuts a distinctive figure in the ghetto."

He got the nickname from his albino complexion; he literally *is* a yellow man. With pink, perpetually sunburned skin and starchy, corn-yellow braids, you'd best believe he cuts a pretty distinct figure in the ghetto. But Yellowman's talents have helped him turn what some would call a disadvantage into a distinguishing characteristic.

They say that Yellowman can't walk down the street these days without causing a ruckus. When he chants, "All the young girls them a-mad over me," the horny toaster's traditional boast is tinged with a shade or two of irony.

So far, Yellowman's biggest hit has been a languid, loopy reworking of that old croaker "I'm Getting Married in the Morning." Grafting slices of "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" and "Bring It on Home to Me" onto a natty pre-nuptial narrative, the song captures Yellowman's improv-a-story ease over a haunting rhythm track. He sounds happy, but understandably uncertain about the pending event. As the JA music scene still revolves around small-label singles, Yellowman's prolific output remained unobtainable here until the recent U.S. release *Mr. Yellowman* (Greensleeves). It features "Yellowman Getting Married," and further, crucial statements on guns, tourism, and grocery shopping, pushed by the clean session skank of the crack Roots Radics band.

Unlike the rock-influenced

Landscape, *Manhattan Boogie-Woogie* (RCA): A synth-based band has got to be pretty damn miserable to bore old Moog-maven Lou—and these limeys manage handily. A couple of diverting moments—"It's Not My Real Name" and the wry title cut (sequel to their '81 hit "Einstein A Go-Go"?)—can't spruce up an overwhelmingly soulless, gutless, and brainless LP.

Mnemonic Devices, *Playing on the Dark Keys* (Bemisbrain Records, 200 Termino Ave., Long Beach CA 90803): Discovery of the month. From a tiny Elay indie previously devoted to teenage garage grumblings comes this four-song EP of smart, passionate, freshly appealing post-modern pop-love songs. Life songs, actually. Great lines like "Love is just another sick venereal disease," and chanteuse Ann DeJarnett's gutsy rock'n'roll violin push a multitude of Lou's big buttons. Watch 'em.

Berlin, *Pleasure Victim* (Geffen): Ignore 'em. Though not as lame as Landscape, this augmented trio of synthetic Californians generates fast-food electronic dance music with some taste but little flavor. Terri Nunn sings like Pat Benatar with a microMoroderchip stuffed up her coy little ass. Undoubtedly an imminent massive success.

Andy Summers/Robert Fripp, *I Advance Masked* (A&M): Everyone's been dumping on this one, so naturally I won't. Perhaps Fripp's trademark licks are courting cliché canonization, but by tossing himself into continually changing contexts—this time one-on-one with Police-man Summers—he keeps life interesting for himself and, more often than not, for us, too. Not a biggie, but a perfectly adequate side dish.

Craig Leon, *Visiting* (Enigma Records, P.O. Box 2896, Torrance CA 90509): Producer and synthesist Leon's follow-up to his *Nommos*, winner of the 1981 Claude Rains Award for best invisible record of the year (now relegated to bargain-bin ignominy). Hypnotic, transcendent, wisplly minimal, and more melodic than its predecessor. His middle name must be Klaus.

Simple Minds, *New Gold Dream 81-82-83-84* (Virgin/A&M): My favorite record of 1982 finally released on these Stone Age shores. Buy two.

—Lou Stathis

reggae of the seventies, Yellowman and his fellow DJs have yet to go international. However, reports from last fall's First Jamaican World Music Festival claim that it was Yellowman who stole the show from the Cash, Rick James, and the Grateful Dead. While many reggae fans righteously pine for the "next Marley," Jamaica has produced a very different kind of superstar. A religious visionary he's not, but Yellowman's guiding lights—a sense of humor, a supple voice, and a pulsating bass line—are illuminating and fun, too.

—Mark Coleman

BURNT FUSION

Jazz and rock share common origins, but jazz has been around roughly three times longer, and has encompassed many more styles and stylistic leaders. When rock started to mature in the late sixties it was fashionable in jazz circles to decry it as "trash music" in terms once used to put down jazz—but when Miles Davis appeared at the Fillmore East, a truce was declared.

For the most part attempts to crossbreed the two have resulted in sterile offspring—specifically the so-called "fusion" music of the mid-seventies inspired by the younger members of Miles's later bands and the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

A good example is **Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie** which has produced ***Observations &*** (Elektra/Musician). Cobham, the original Mahavishnu drummer, has distilled all the technical tricks of fusion without once coming to grips with the emotional intensity that fueled Mahavishnu at its best. What is presented here, on the latest of a long line of Cobham LPs, is technique and music-by-rote, soulless and derivative, forgotten as soon as it is heard.

David Sancious has fusion credentials as good as anyone's (keyboardist in the original Bruce Springsteen band), but his newest album, ***The Bridge*** (Elektra/Musician) is considerably better than Cobham's—not the least because he has some feeling for what rock, in its prettier moments, can be like. Much of the record is solo piano (Sancious has a lovely touch and the sensitivity to go with his formidable technique), but several tracks use string synthesizer and other electronic keyboard overdubs, evoking rich sonic tapestries.

Ornette Coleman, the man who liberated jazz from Charlie Parker's domination and gave us "free jazz," has come to rock from the opposite direction. His "Prime Time Band" plays modern funk-rock over which he wails with his timeless saxophone. Coleman rarely makes concessions, and his ***Of Human Feelings*** (Antilles) is no exception. The rhythms are accessible, the music is intense, but you'll never hear this kind of jazz on a jukebox.

"Coleman rarely makes concessions, and his *Of Human Feelings* is no exception."

Ornette Coleman: timeless saxophony.

Some jazz musicians have largely ignored rock—along with most of what's happened in the last twenty years. In the case of **Clifford Brown and Max Roach's *Pure Genius*** (Elektra/Musician), this is hardly surprising; the album comes from a private tape made in 1956, not long before trumpeter Brown's untimely death. As a historical document then, this album ("Volume One," which means there'll be more) is uniquely important. As music,

"*An American Classic* is without a hint of Dexter Gordon's pioneering work as a bopper."

it's typical mid-fifties "hard bop"—but it's not very enjoyable to listen to, despite attempts to "restore" the sound.

Birelí Lagrene, a young European gypsy who was only thirteen (!) when he recorded ***Routes to Django*** (Antilles), has followed the lead of Django Reinhardt (himself a European gypsy, and the first major, non-native-American jazz musician) with timeless music uncannily reminiscent of the records Reinhardt was making forty years ago.

On the other hand, both **Dexter Gordon** and **Phil Woods**, long-time saxophone veterans, have turned out albums which pale into insignificance when compared to what they were doing twenty and thirty years ago.

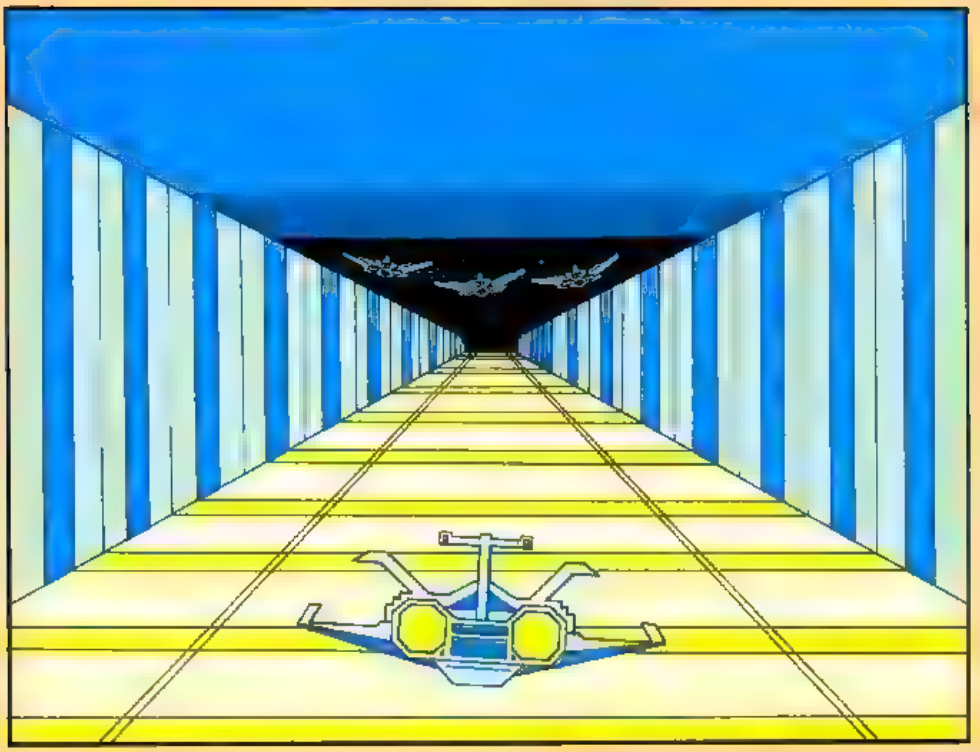
Gordon's ***An American Classic*** (Elektra/Musician) would have been labeled "mood jazz" twenty-five years ago: it's a set of unchallenging cocktail-lounge renditions of ballads, totally anonymous and without a hint of Gordon's pioneering work as a bopper. Wood's playing, on his ***Birds of a Feather*** (Antilles), is far less laid back than Gordon's, but after digging up and relistening to his *Rights of Swing* (released a little over twenty years ago on Candid), the fact that he's coasting on *Birds of a Feather* was underscored; the material offers little challenge.

(I must add that Antilles has brought the manufacture of album jackets to a new low in quality—the glue failed to hold past the first time I removed the records, leaving the jackets flapping uselessly.)

Ted White

BUCK ROGERS
PLANET OF ZOOM

©1983, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM



BUCK ROGERS HIMSELF NEVER APPEARS IN BUCK ROGERS. IN FACT, NO HUMAN BEINGS ARE EVER SEEN IN THIS SPACE SHOOT 'EM UP DON'T ASK ME WHAT THE PLANET OF ZOOM S E THER, BUT IT DESCRIBES THE GAME PRETTY WELL.

YOUR SPACESHIP CRUISES AROUND A WEIRD-LOOKING GALAXY - THROUGH ASTEROID BELTS, OVER PLANETS, AROUND LARGE CITIES, AND DOWN GIGANTIC TUNNELS- BLOWING UP EVERYTHING IT CAN; AND AVOIDING ANYTHING IT CAN'T THEN YOU REACH THE "SOURCE SHIP," THE BIG MOTHER WHICH HAS BEEN SENDING OUT ALL THOSE ENEMY SPACESHIPS ONCE YOU BLOW AWAY THE BIG ONE, YOU START UP ALL OVER AGAIN.

STILL, THE QUESTION PERSISTS - IS IT A SHOOTING GAME, OR IS IT A DRIVING GAME? BUCK ROGERS IS THE SHOOTING GAME THAT PLAYS LIKE A DRIVING GAME! IT'S LIKE SPACE TURBO ONLY IN TURBO YOU COULDN'T BLOW UP THE OTHER CARS.

PLAYING BUCK ROGERS MAKES ME WISH THEY COULD BRING BACK DEATH RACE 2000 TURBO STYLE.! IMAGINE BEING ABLE TO DRIVE AROUND A TOWN, RUNNING OVER HAPLESS PEDESTRIANS IN 3-D!"

IN THE MEANTIME, BUCK ROGERS IS THE NEXT BEST THING.

—JOHN HOLMSTROM

BUCK ROGERS™ INDICATES TRADEMARK OF THE DILLE FAMILY TRUST
BUCK ROGERS VIDEO GAME ©1983 SEGA ENTERPRISES INC

CRYPTICS

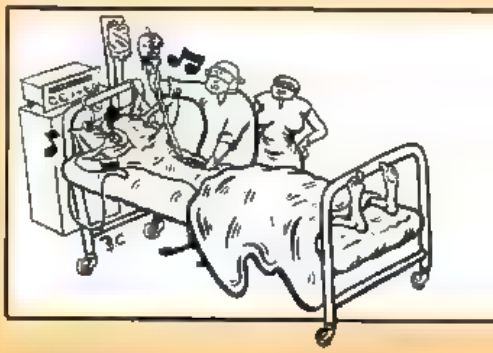
Illustrations by Bruce Carleton

Nose-by-Northwest • Artificial blood, artificial skin, bionic ears (they just started testing them in Australia), brain implants—pretty soon, even if you weren't born a robot you're gonna die one (if you ever get to die, that is). However, there's at least one group of bio-jivers who think we don't start off as just flesh and blood in the first place. Robin Baker and friends, at England's University of Manchester, have published material in the prestigious science journal *Nature* claiming discovery of magnetic iron deposits in the human body just inside the sinus bones. According to Baker, people—like only a few other creatures—can detect direction by reference to the Earth's magnetic field. Over the last five years animals have been found to be a mine of iron deposits as well. Bad news for anyone toying with the idea of selling the exploration rights to their noses: there's a glut of steel on the world market.

Thumbdrum • Amateur thumb-twiddlers, now you too can be as good as the pros. New technology to help develop your skills and have fun while you're doing it has been patented by Horace Knowles, of Washington, D.C. Comprising thumb-holes in a block of plastic that you crank over and over, this invention is a vital contribution to the dynamic discipline of twiddling your thumbs. The deluxe model comes with a switch that flashes for every twiddle turn, and there's also an optional digital read-out for twiddle-counting. Or, if you like to show off and attract attention, there's the get-yourself-thrown-out-of-libraries-and-theaters model that clicks loudly or jingles as you go.

Japadermis • No doubt the image still pullulating in the national mind—post A-Bomb bodies with skin peeling like wallpaper—has helped the cause: Japanese companies plan to start manufacturing human skin. It's been tested for a couple of years and it works, helping burn victims to grow new epidermis. The stuff is made from animal protein and collagen (the fibrous matter in bones, tissue, and cartilage). Plans are to market the non-woven fabric in sheets of varying lengths, and if I tell you where, you're gonna understand why the Japanese are the smartest industrialists around. Hiroshima.

Snowballs • What happens when your balls catch cold? Do they freeze, wheeze, sneeze, or what? Four doctors in Ireland came to grips with the problem and found an answer. They handled forty-six cases of a sub-zero syndrome called "testicular torsion" - the cold-weather contraction of the testicle sac which causes unwelcome realignment of contents therein. Verdict: balls, like turtles, are given to disappearing inside when things don't look too hot outside. • Bodies have two ways of dealing with the cold: the human way—grow accustomed to cold gradually, raise metabolism and body heat to meet new conditions; or the turtle way—keep metabolism low and become cold-blooded. Turns out humans can actually do both—at least according to recent Canadian research outlined in the *Journal of Applied Physiology*. Eleven men, about to spend sixteen days in unheated tents too close to the Arctic Circle for comfort, were asked to pre-adapt with nine days of daily half-hour cold baths. Only three masochists volunteered. After a battery of tests, highlighted by heavy rectal thermometer use, they joined the rest and took off for the north. The pretrozen ones adapted easily, shivering less, sleeping better, and barely feeling the temperature—which tells you that anyone who can get used to icy thermometers up the anus can get used to anything.

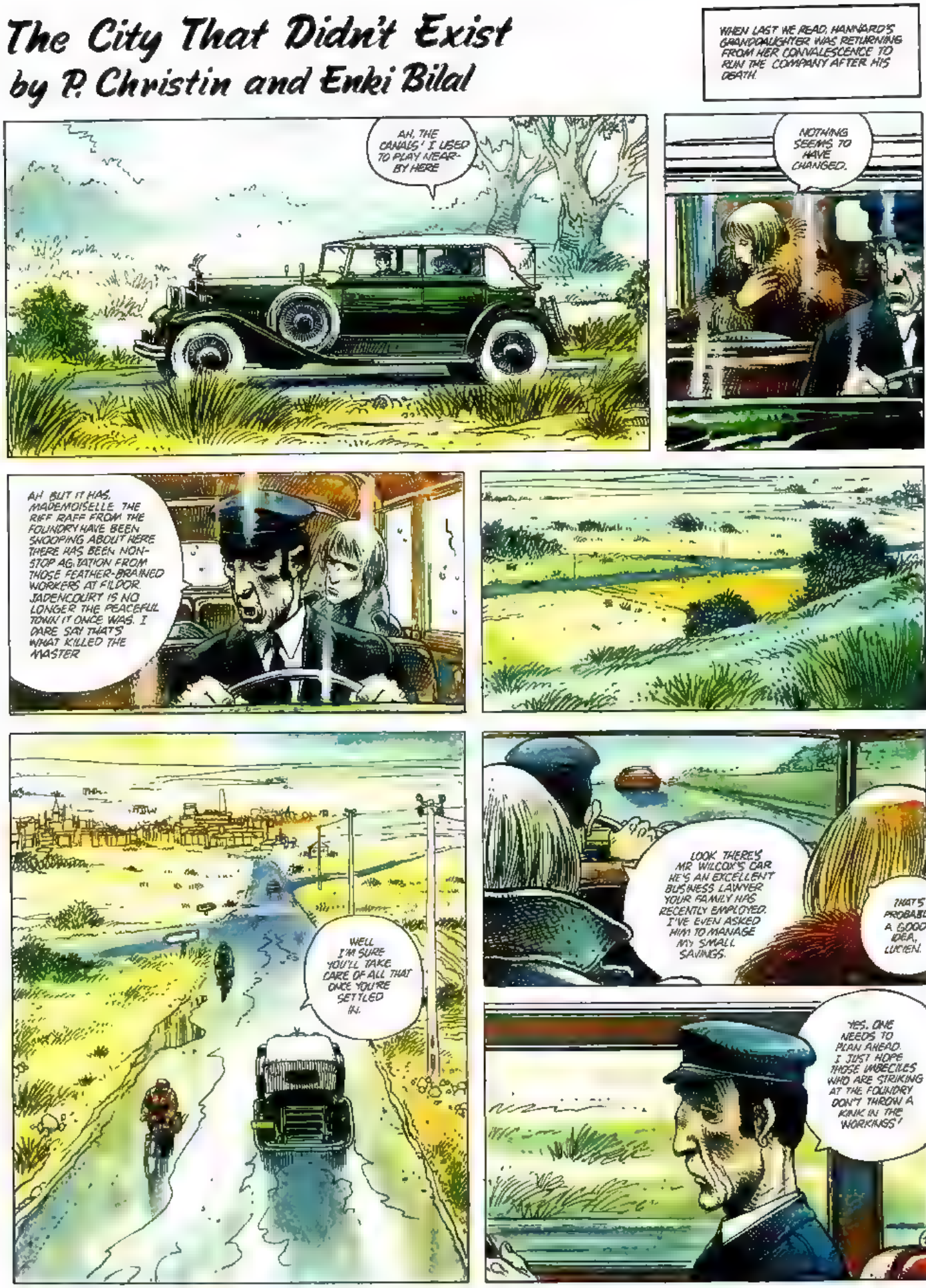


MASH Music • Local anaesthesia and acupuncture have taken the high out of surgery. These days, the only way to be stoned during an operation is to share a joint with the janitor beforehand. Hip surgeons (pun intended) smart enough to realize they may be forfeiting their main attraction have come up with a way to compensate at London's Charing Cross Hospital. Patients in danger of being bored to death by the drone and grind of drill and hacksaw get to listen to their favorite music on headphones. Apparently Sex Pistols records aren't allowed 'cos they sound too much like the power tools they're supposed to block out.

Rodent Redux • Genetic engineers splashing around in the gene pools of mice have found a way to trigger the rodents' growth hormones into action. The two far-sighted fathers of research responsible for creating a breed of monster mice are Messrs. Palmiter and Brinster, of the Universities of Washington and Pennsylvania. Okay, there's no immediate popular demand for vulture-sized vermin—the profs reckon some time in the remote future livestock could get bigger and short people could become basketball players. • Luckily, creative counter-forces cancel out. Experiments aimed in the other direction (in search of a human male contraceptive) have spawned a new rat poison so toxic as to be both spermicidal *and* homicidal. Undeterred, Ron Ericsson, inventor and PhD. President of his sperm-warfare headquarters, saw the terminal effect on lab mice and figured, "Hey, if that's what it does . . ." Epibloc it's called, epicurean it ain't. Most rat poisons are anti-coagulants; they kill effectively but survivors respond with massive propagation (with less competition, more food, and more space, wouldn't you?). Though it has a high kill fee, Epibloc's ability to sterilize the leftovers makes it competitive. Isn't nature wonderful? Trouble is, Murphy's Law: you just know the mouse-magnifiers above'll ignore it, but Ronald Reagan might just find a use.

—Melik Kaylan

The City That Didn't Exist
by P. Christin and Enki Bilal


WHEN LAST WE READ, HANNARD'S GRANDDAUGHTER WAS RETURNING FROM HER CONVALESCENCE TO RUN THE COMPANY AFTER HIS DEATH.
AH, THE CANALS! I USED TO PLAY NEAR-BY HERE
NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE CHANGED.
AH BUT IT HAS, MADEMOISELLE. THE RIFF RAFF FROM THE FOUNDRY HAVE BEEN SNOOPING ABOUT HERE. THERE HAS BEEN NON-STOP AGITATION FROM THOSE FEATHER-BRAINED WORKERS AT FILDOR. JADENCOURT IS NO LONGER THE PEACEFUL TOWN IT ONCE WAS. I DARE SAY THAT'S WHAT KILLED THE MASTER
WELL I'M SURE YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL THAT ONCE YOU'RE SETTLED IN.
LOOK, THERE'S MR WILCOX'S CAR. HE'S AN EXCELLENT BUSINESS LAWYER YOUR FAMILY HAS RECENTLY EMPLOYED. I'VE EVEN ASKED HIM TO MANAGE MY SMALL SAVINGS.
THAT'S PROBABLY A GOOD IDEA, LUCIEN.
YES. ONE NEEDS TO PLAN AHEAD. I JUST HOPE THOSE IMBECILES WHO ARE STRIKING AT THE FOUNDRY DON'T THROW A KINK IN THE WORKINGS!

OH AND THERE'S YOUR COUSIN HUGHES!
I REMEMBER HIM. HE WAS A REAL LEFT-WING "HIPPIE." ACCORDING TO MY GRANDFATHER
OH, NOT NOW! EVER SINCE HE GRADUATED HARVARD WITH HONORS HE'S BEEN A CHANGED MAN!
HMM!
IS THIS JADENCOURT?
YES. I DON'T KNOW IF AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, I SHOULD BE GLAD TO SEE THIS PLACE AGAIN
WHAT EXCITEMENT! IT SEEMS THAT EVERYONE IS HERE!
I DON'T WANT TO SEE THEM JUST YET. SNEAK IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR AND TAKE ME UP TO MY GRANDFATHER'S ROOM. AFTERWARDS, I'LL RECEIVE THEM ALL IN THE BIG DRAWING ROOM.
VERY GOOD, MA DEMOISELLE
THIS WAY.
13

LEAVE ME WITH HIM FOR A MOMENT.
MADEMOISELLE WILL BE WITH YOU IN A FEW MOMENTS. HAVE A SEAT GENTLEMEN.
SORRY BAD CIRCUMSTANCES HAD TO BRING US TOGETHER. I'M AFRAID THAT WITH ALL MY TRAVELING AROUND, I'VE NEGLECTED MY GOOD FRIENDS AND BUSINESS ASSOCIATES.
I JUST CAME BACK FROM SOUTH AMERICA. THERE ARE SOME REAL ESTATE PROPERTIES I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN TO US?
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.
SURE ARE! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE OLD MAN WAS..
. THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HOLD THIS PLACE TOGETHER
THIS IS A GREAT UNHAPPINESS THAT HAS HIT US ALL.
AH YES, MY DEAR FRIEND. ESPECIALLY IN LIGHT OF THE PRESENT PREDICAMENT.
HOW ARE YOU, OLD MAN? HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE LET'S SEE
SINCE THE SCHOOL REUNION DINNER IN 72?
GENTLEMEN, PERHAPS A BIT MORE REMORSE IS IN ORDER.
YOU'RE RIGHT, FATHER BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, YOU KNOW.
19

MY GRANDFATHER HAS MENTIONED ALL OF YOU TO ME BUT I CAN'T VERY WELL CONNECT THE NAMES WITH THE FACES.
IF YOU WOULD ALLOW ME, MADEMOISELLE

I AM EMILE WILCOX COUNCIL FOR OUR DEAR DECEASED. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE PRINCIPAL ADMINISTRATORS OF THE ADMIRABLE EMPIRE FOUNDED BY YOUR GRANDFATHER

OUR FRIEND, VAN SCHOONBECK, THE MINE ENGINEER IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PETROLEUM CHEMISTRY COMPLEX AND PLASTICS FACTORY IN DUNKERQUE

MONTHERME, FORMER STUDENT OF YALE, WHO DIRECTS THE SALE OF MAIL ORDER FURNITURE AT TOURCOING

VIMEREUX, ALSO A GRADUATE OF YALE, IS IN CHARGE OF OUR SUPERMARKET CHAIN WHICH IS BASED IN ARRAS.

BLERANCOURT, FORMER INSPECTOR OF FINANCES, DIRECTS OUR BUILDING SOCIETY IN LILLE

AND LAST HEHEH, BUT NOT LEAST, YOUR COUSIN HUGHES WHO, AS YOU KNOW, RUNS THE CEMENT FACTORY AT SAINT-OMER

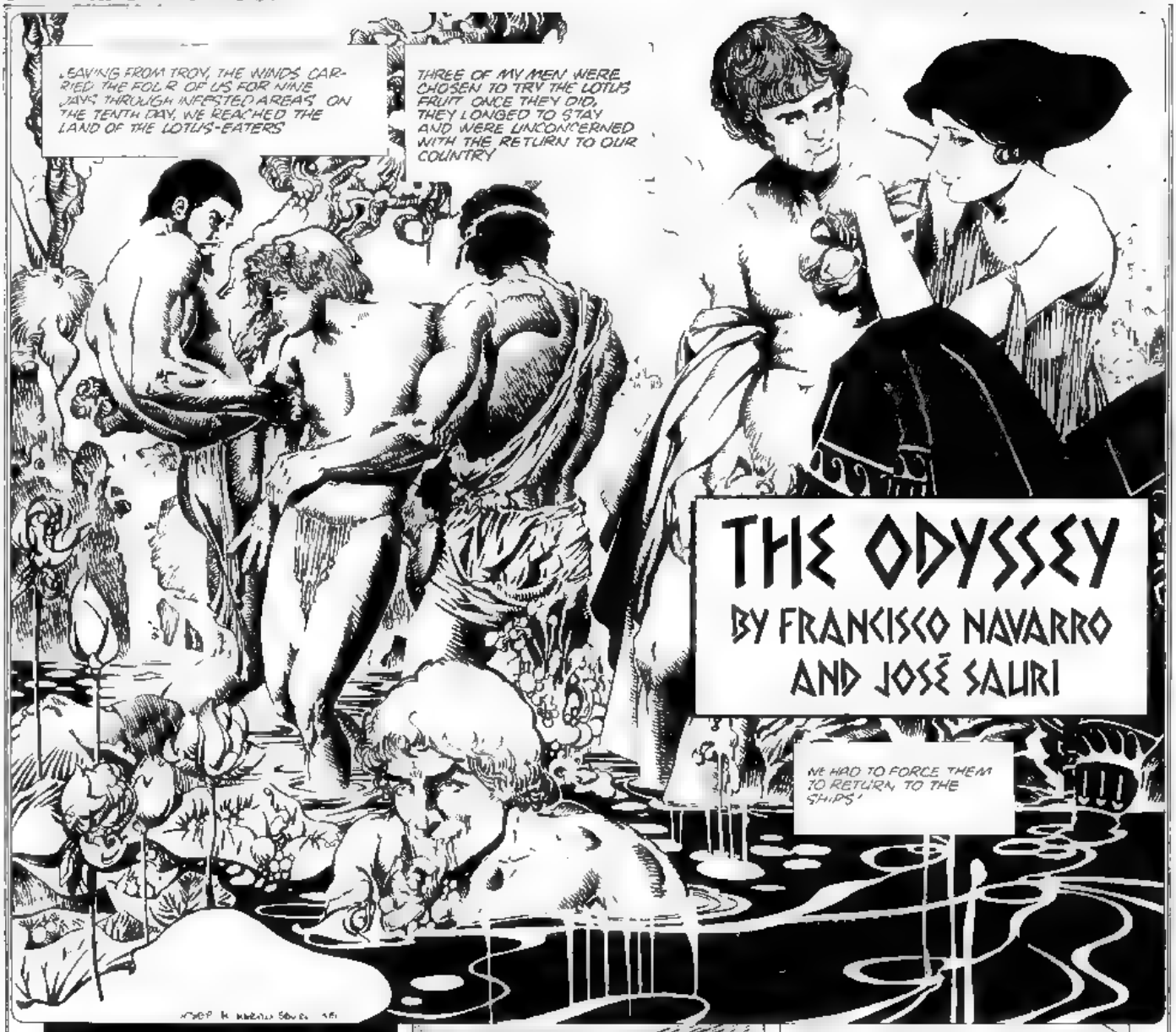
OH, YES, I'M SORRY AND OUR TWO DIRECTORS FROM JADENCOURT, RESPONSIBLE FOR FILDOR AND THE FOUNDRY.

THE GROUP HAS CELEBRATED REMARKABLE EXPANSION IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, MADEMOISELLE UNFORTUNATELY AT THE PRESENT TIME WE ARE GOING THROUGH A DIFFICULT PERIOD.
THE ENTIRE REGION IS IN A CRISIS. THE INTERNATIONAL MARKET IS SLOW. THE SOCIAL AGITATION HAS HAD VERY NEGATIVE CONSEQUENCES, EVEN IN SO SMALL A PLACE AS JADENCOURT.
AH, YES! THE PROBLEM AT HAND IS JADENCOURT!
YES! THE PEOPLE HERE ARE ATTEMPTING AN OVERTHROW OF FILDOR'S!
THUS, THE PROFIT FOR THIS YEAR WILL BE MUCH SMALLER.
NOT TO MENTION THE SOCIAL RAMIFICATIONS OF THIS STRIKE . IT HAS HAD A DEPLORABLE EFFECT ON THE IMAGE OF OUR GROUP
WE MUST GET RID OF THESE PROBLEMS BEFORE THEY GET RID OF US!
WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT JUST A MINUTE!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING AND MONSIEUR HANNARD WOULD NEVER HAVE PERMITTED IT!
DESPITE YOUR UNHAPPINESS, THIS IS NOT AN ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL MEETING!
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!
I SAY WE HAVE TO TRIM THE FLESH!
YOU'RE OUT OF LINE, SIR!
SHUT UP! IT'S YOUR INCOMPETENCE THAT HAS DRIVEN THIS FINE COMPANY INTO THE GROUND!
RAPID DECISIONS ARE IMPERATIVE!
21

PANG
BUT ?
I
IZI
SHHHHH
!!
FOR AN ADMINISTRATIVE GROUP I FIND YOU ALL EXTREMELY NERVOUS GENTLEMEN. THIS IS NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE TO HAVE SUCH QUARRELS
PLEASE EXCUSE OUR OUTBURSTS, MADEMOISELLE!
YES, PLEASE WE
ER YES
DISTRACTED SORROW AND ALL THAT
MR WILCOX, YOU WILL DRAW UP FOR ME BY TOMORROW, A DETAILED REPORT ON THE SITUATION AT HAND. I WILL INFORM YOU ALL LATER ON, OF MY DECISIONS NOW YOU MAY LEAVE.
I HAVE THE FEELING WE BLEW IT
SHE DOESN'T SEEM ANY MORE ACCOMMODATING THAN THE OLD MAN, DOES SHE?
THE WAY THE WILL IS SET UP, SHE HOLDS ALL OF US IN THE PALM OF HER HAND. WE SHOULDN'T FORGET THAT!
YES, AND THE HANNARD DYNASTY WILL CONTINUE IN FORCE WITHOUT US!
PERHAPS IT'S BETTER...
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO WIPE US OUT WITH A STROKE OF THE PEN, YOU'VE GOT--
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START UP WITH THAT AGAIN!
LOOK. WE NEVER HAD TO BOW AND SCRAPE BEFORE TO THE OLD MAN!
YEAH. BUT SHE'S A TOUGH COOKIE!
GOODBYE, GENTLEMEN!
I THINK WE SHOULD USE WHATEVER TIME WE HAVE NOW, BEFORE THE FUNERAL, TO INITIATE SOME SORT OF STRATEGY.
EXCELLENT IDEA!
22

HOW DO YOU FEEL?
TERRIBLE! THOSE MEN ARE VERITABLE BEASTS OF PREY!
AH MADEMOISELLE MADELEINE, THOSE ARE THE HARSH REALITIES OF OUR VALLEY OF TEARS.
PERHAPS BUT PERHAPS IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF APPEARANCES
WHAT I AM MOST CONCERNED ABOUT IS THE MEN AND WOMEN OF JADENCOURT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE WOMEN FIRST ASK LUCIEN TO BRING AROUND THE CAR
THIS IS NOT A VERY GOOD TIME FOR AN OUTING, IF YOU WANT MY OPINION, MADEMOISELLE.
THIS ISN'T EXACTLY AN OUTING, LUCIEN.
FIRST, TAKE ME TO COUREES
AH GOOD INDEED, THIS ISN'T AN OUTING
meubles
oveco
THIS IS SILLY! IT'S FULL OF FOREIGNERS!
LET'S GO, LUCIEN, THAT'S ENOUGH!
23

TO BE CONTINUED.


LEAVING FROM TROY, THE WINDS CARRIED THE FOLK OF US FOR NINE DAYS THROUGH INFESTED AREAS. ON THE TENTH DAY, WE REACHED THE LAND OF THE LOTUS-EATERS
THREE OF MY MEN WERE CHOSEN TO TRY THE LOTUS FRUIT. ONCE THEY DID, THEY LONGED TO STAY AND WERE UNCONCERNED WITH THE RETURN TO OUR COUNTRY
THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO AND JOSÉ SAURI
WE HAD TO FORCE THEM TO RETURN TO THE SHIPS!

SAILING FURTHER WE REACHED THE LAND OF PROUD PEOPLE— THE CYCLOPS

THANKS TO THE NYMPHS, THE DAUGHTERS OF ZEUS, WHO CREATED AN ATMOSPHERE FAVORABLE TO THE HUNT, WE WERE ABLE TO EAT
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, ODYSSEUS?

THEY GAVE NINE GOATS TO EACH OF THE TWELVE SHIPS AND LEFT TEN FOR ME
YOU STAY HERE. I'LL GO WITH SOME OF MY MEN TO SEE IF THERE REALLY IS A TRIBE OF BARBARIANS ON THE ISLAND AS LEGEND TELLS

PEREZ NAVARRO MARTIN SALVA
AT NOON WE REACHED A
THERE WAS MUCH TO SEE IN THE GROTTO BUT MY MEN BEGGED ME TO TAKE A FEW CHEESES AND RETURN TO THE SHIP
I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING ABOUT THIS PLACE
AS DO I
SOMEONE'S COMING

TOO SOON THE CYCLOPS

CARRYING A BOULDER SO HEAVY, IT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MOVED BY A FOUR WHEEL WAGON

HE CLOSED THE DOOR

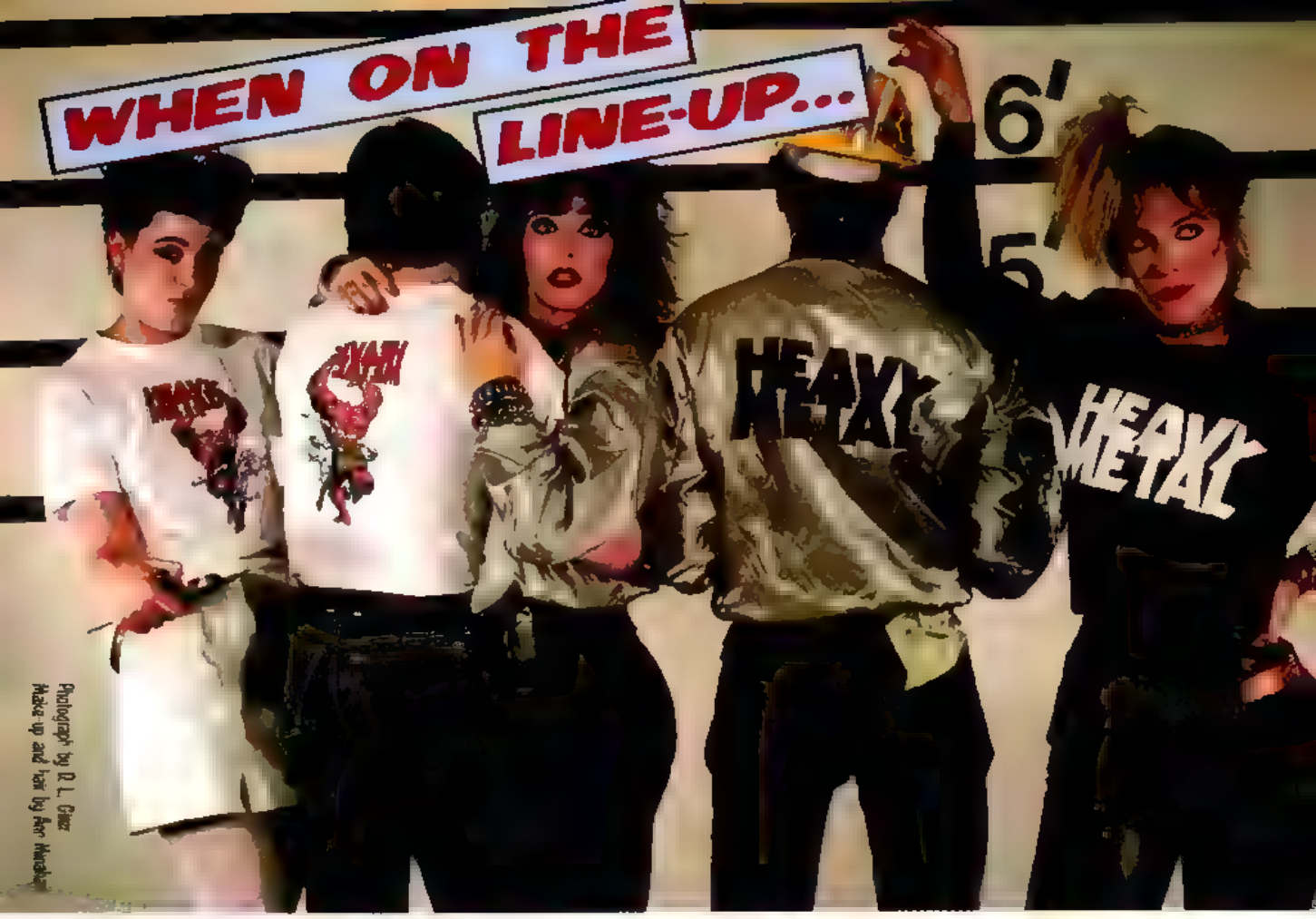
HE LIT A FIRE AND THE LIGHT REVEALED US TO HIS SINGLE EYE
WHO ARE YOU AND WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? DID YOU COME HERE BY SEA LIKE THE ROVING PIRATES?
ZEUS IS NOT IMPORTANT TO THE GODS WE ARE STRONGER THAN HE
DON'T YOU DARE THREATEN ME WITH HIS NAME YOU SHOULD NOW BEG MY PARDON
WE ARE ARCHAEANS AND WE COME FROM TROY WE WOULD LIKE TO RETURN HOME, BUT ZEUS HAS ORDERED US TO TAKE THIS LONGER, MORE ARDUOUS ROUTE
GOOD! NOW I WILL HAVE FOOD FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL DAYS!
NO!.. NOOOo..!

ZEUS!
...ER THE CYCLOPS HAD ...IBALIZED A FEW OF MY MEN I FELT IT WITHIN THAT I SHOULD STAB HIM IN THE ...EST IN RETALIATION BUT ...ERE WAS NO WAY MY MEN AND I COULD PULL THE HUGE STONE FROM THE ENTRANCE ...D THE CAVE WE COULD ...ER ESCAPE WE WERE ...DAMNED
...T DAWN THE CYCLOPS DROVE HIS CATTLE TO THE MOUNTAINSIDE, LEAVING US IMPRISONED
...WHERE WE MEDITATED FOR SOME SORT OF RESOLUTION, BUT DUE TO LACK OF NOURISHMENT AND WILL TO LIVE, OUR HOPES HAD BEGUN TO DWINDLE.
LATER ON WHILE THE CYCLOPS WAS PREPARING HIS DINNER, USING TWO OF MY DEAR COMPANIONS FOR STEW I REMARKED
DRINK NOW, CYCLOPS FOR I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT WE KEEP IN OUR SHIP
GIVE ME SOME MORE OF THIS DRINK AND TELL ME YOUR NAME I OWE YOU SOMETHING, FOR THIS FOOD THAT YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME IS THE BEST I HAVE EVER HAD
MY NAME IS NOMAN, AND SO I AM CALLED

...OR HE FELL OVER DRUNKEN AND FULL SLEEP CON
...VERED H M AND HE COULD DO NOTHING BUT SURRENDER
NOW?
YES NOW
THE TRUNK QUICKLY!
READY?
¡AAAAH!
...BROTHERS, PLEASE HELP ME I BEG OF YOU!
FRIENDS, NO MAN IS KILLING ME ...TH HIS TRICKERY HELP ME
HUMAN'S FIGHTING YOU. WE CAN NOT INTERFERE WE WOULD NOT DARE TO INTERFERE WITH ZEUS'S MESSENGER PRAY TO YOUR FATHER POSEIDON

LAUGHED TO MYSELF ABOUT HOW MY
DON'T UTTER A SINGLE WORD UNTIL YOU HAVE CROSSED OVER THE ENTRANCE
WE HOPE THAT THE GODS
WHY ARE YOU THE LAST OF THE GROUP MY FRIEND? HURRY GET TO THE SHIP!
AND TAKE THE SHEEP WITH YOU
YOU DIDN'T MAKE GOOD USE OF YOUR STRENGTH POLYPHEMUS ZEUS IS PUNISHING YOU FOR YOUR HORRIBLE ACTS!

YOU ARE DAMNED, POLYPHEMUS! YOU ARE DAMNED!
I SWEAR I'LL NEVER BURN MY HANDS WITH THE TOUCH OF YOUR FLESH! SOMEONE WILL PUNISH YOU FOR ME!
POSEIDON, I JURE YOU! YOUR SON PLEASE PROMISE ME THAT ODYSSEUS WILL NEVER RETURN HOME WITH HIS MEN
PUNISH HIM AS HE DESERVES TO BE PUNISHED! MAY FATHER DO SOMETHING LIKE AN ETERNAL CURSE FALL ON HIM AND HIS COMPANIONS!
A SOMEONE ASKS YOU HOW YOU CAME TO BE BLIND, TELL THEM ODYSSEUS DID IT! THE ONE WHO RAZED TROY AND IS RETURNING TO HIS COUNTRY, ITHACA!
TO BE CONTINUED



...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear—our silver, satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too

The original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name! Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Ideal, when dressing for your first prison ball

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635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
Please send me the following items:

___ Captain Sternn T-shirts ___ small ___ medium ___ large at $7.50 each.
___ *Heavy Metal* T-shirts ___ small ___ medium ___ large, ___ red ___ black at $7.50 each.
___ *Heavy Metal* jackets ___ small ___ medium ___ large at $36.00 each.
___ *Heavy Metal* belt buckles at $10.95 each.

All prices above include postage and handling.

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Total enclosed

Name _____

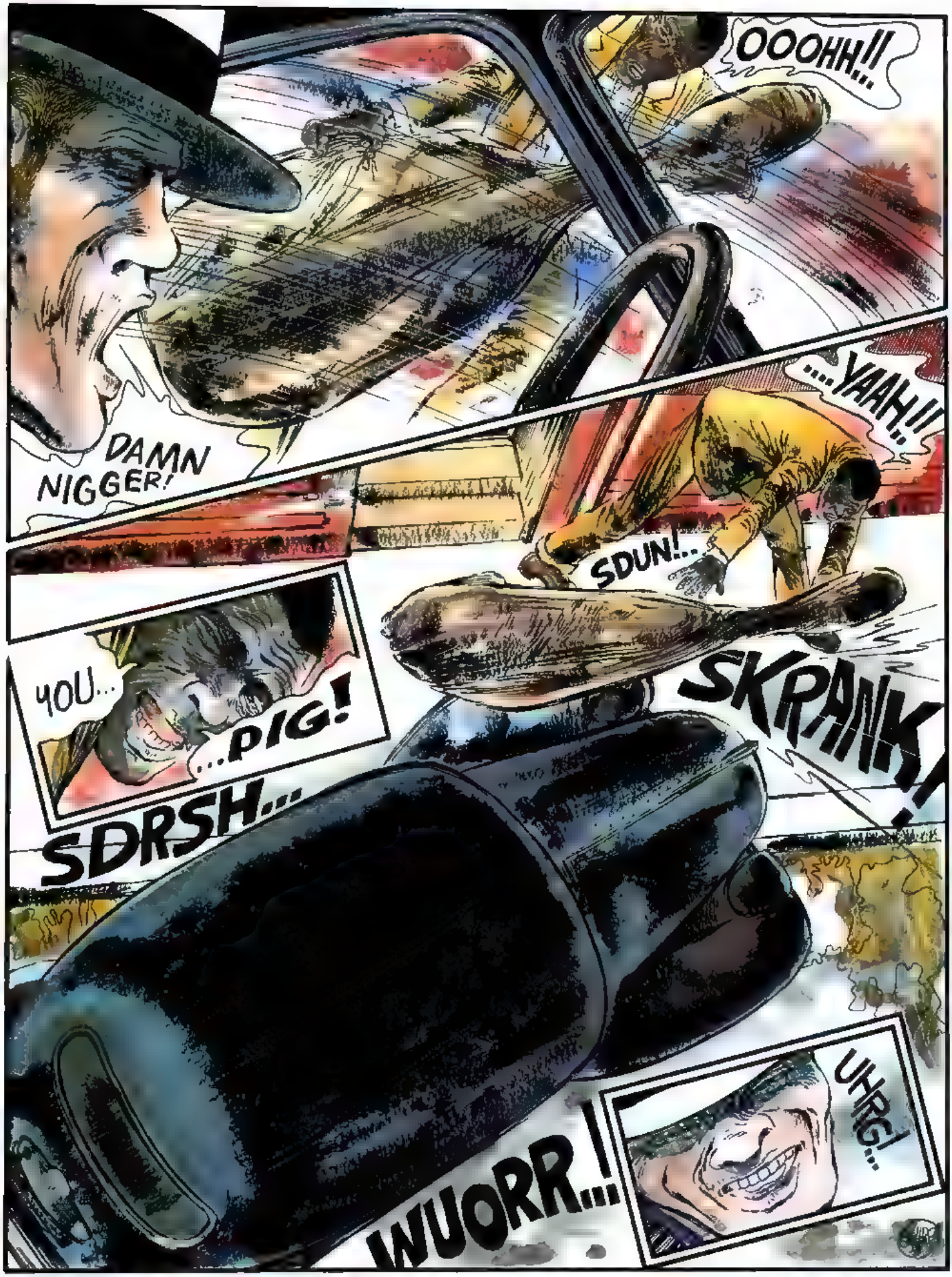
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

THE MAN FROM HARLEM
LAST WE READ, LITTLE LOST HIS JOB AT THE CLUB BECAUSE OF A MOB RAID AT THE SAME TIME, POLLY WAS KILLED BY A GANGSTER WHILE ON HER WAY TO THE COPS
TRRRRWOOW
KO
KO
I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GET IN THE WAY!
KO
TRRRRRR...
KO

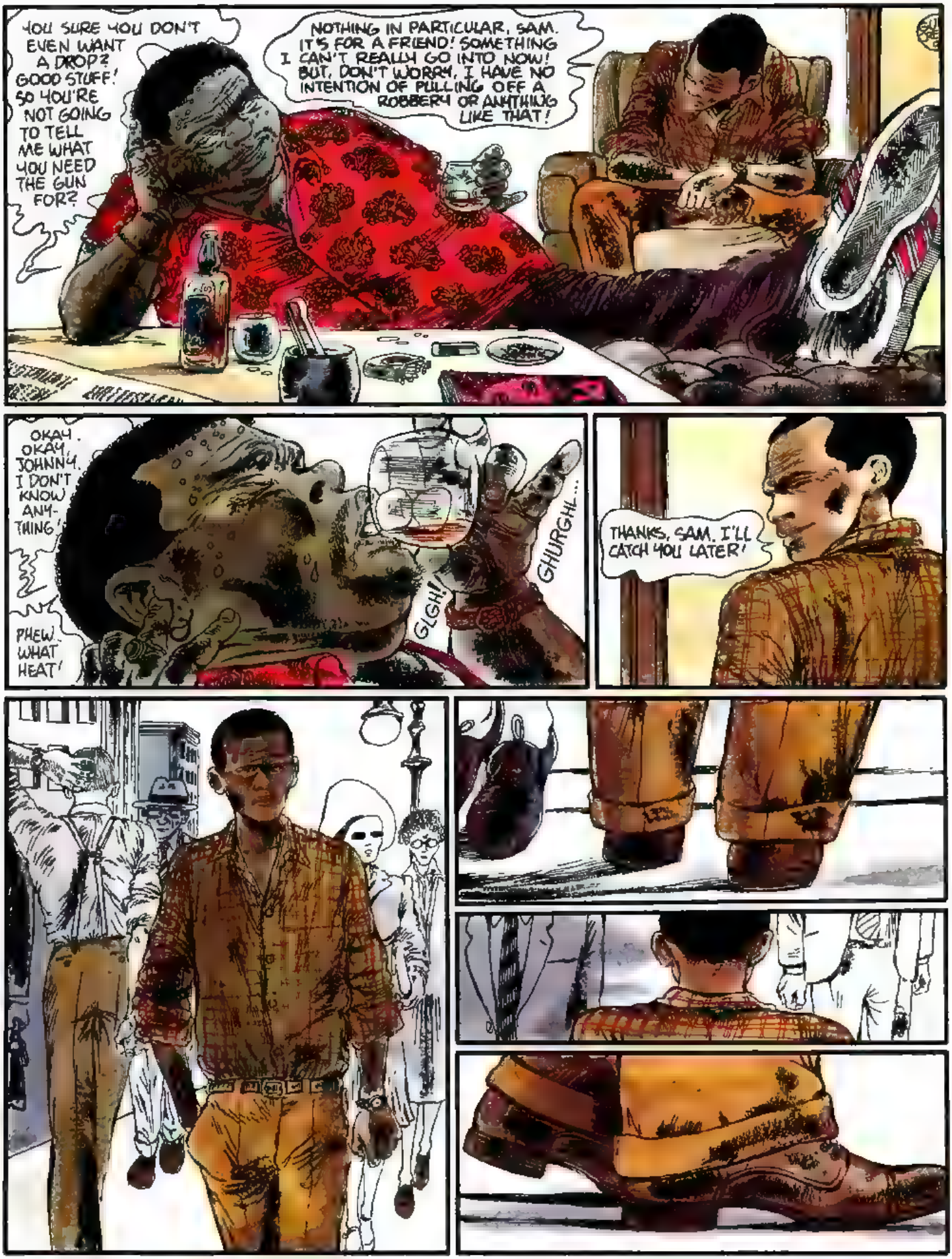
ARE THOSE GUYS CRAZY?
VROAR...
I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO!
AAAHH...
KO KO
VRSHHH
SHREP..
SHREP...
SHRKAP...


OOOHH!!
DAMN NIGGER!
...YAAH!!
SDUN!...
YOU...
...PIG!
SDRSH...
SKRANK!
UHRG!...
WUORR...!

GO-GO-GO!
CAMEL
PHEW! THEY'RE GONE!
MY BASS... IT'S IN PIECES! I WAS LUCKY TO GET OUT OF THERE ALIVE!
THOSE WERE THE GUYS WHO WERE AFTER POLLY!
..I'M SURE OF IT!
BETTER GET HOME!
MAZ POLLYZ
SHE'S NOT HERE ANY-MORE, LI'L! I SWEAR I DIDN'T SEND HER AWAY!
I GOT HOME JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO AND SHE WAS GONE. LI'L, YOU DID WHAT YOU COULD TO HELP HER. SHE WOULD OF HAD TO LEAVE SOONER OR LATER!
MA, DON'T BE STUPID! I TOLD YOU, THEY'RE OUT TO KILL HER!

LI'L YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THE SPOTLITE TONIGHT?
THEY RIPPED THE PLACE APART, EVEN MY BAGS! FRANKLY, I COULDN'T CARE LESS!
LOVER MAN
STUPID. JUST PLAIN STUPID!
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT HER ALONE!
I'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR HER BUT WHERE COULD SHE HAVE GONE?. SHE MUST BE IN HIDING.
SHE'S STREET-WISE SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF... BULLSHIT!

LI'L, HAVE YOU READ THE PAPER TODAY? THE POOR GIRL... IT'S TERRIBLE!
ARE YOU OKAY?
LEAVE ME ALONE, MA.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LI'L?
LITTLE!


YOU SURE YOU DON'T EVEN WANT A DROP? GOOD STUFF! SO YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED THE GUN FOR?
NOTHING IN PARTICULAR, SAM. IT'S FOR A FRIEND! SOMETHING I CAN'T REALLY GO INTO NOW! BUT, DON'T WORRY, I HAVE NO INTENTION OF PULLING OFF A ROBBERY OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT!
OKAY. OKAY, JOHNNY. I DON'T KNOW ANY-THING!
PHEW. WHAT HEAT!
GLGH!
GHURGH!...
THANKS, SAM. I'LL CATCH YOU LATER!

KL.....
...CK!
IT WOULD BE RIGHT!... IT'S NOT A VENDETTA... IT WOULD BE RIGHT!

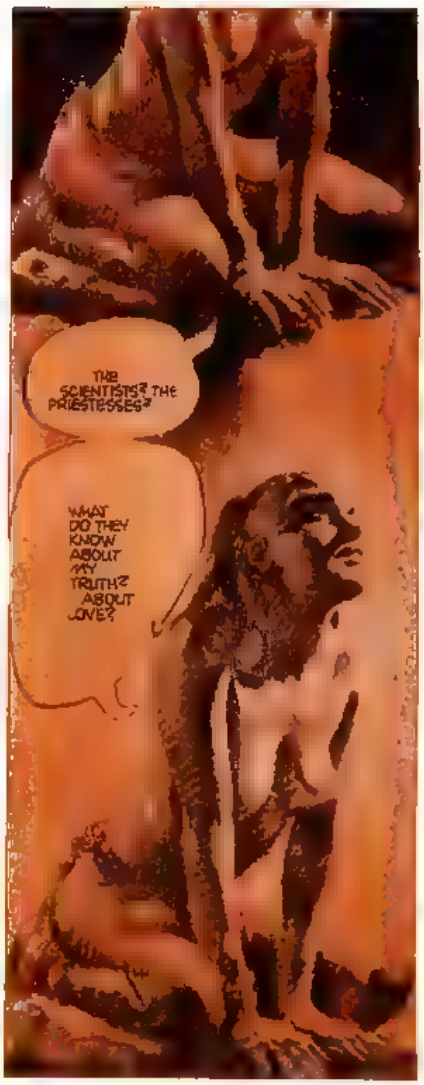
IN 1919, IN GEORGIA, THE KU KLUX KLAN BURNED FOUR BLACKS ALIVE- TWO IN MISSISSIPPI, AND ONE IN TEXAS. THEY LYNCHED TWENTY-TWO BLACKS IN GEORGIA, TWELVE IN MISSISSIPPI, TEN IN ARKANSAS, EIGHT IN ALABAMA, AND THREE IN TEXAS.
THE 26TH OF JUNE 1919 ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE JACKSON DAILY NEWS- "NEGRO SHALL BE BURNED ALIVE BY TOWNS-PEOPLE IN ELLISTOWN THIS AFTERNOON AT 5:00 PM.

TO BE CONTINUED...

HE HONE-COMB ZORA A SON WE GOT TO GET BACK!
ZORA
SO FAR UNDER THE ALTO MEDICS RECUPERATIVE CARE AMON DREAMS HIS UNCONSCIOUS MIND REACHING FOR A MOMENT IN HIS PAST HIS PARTNERS- N-ARMS WATCH A PROJECTION OF HIS DREAM SEEING HIM AWAKENED FROM HIBERNATION AND SAVED FROM DEATH BY AN UNKNOWN ENTITY THAT ALLOWED HIM A GLIMPSE OF HIS FUTURE
AND SLEEP SLEEP FOR CENTURIES UNTIL SHE FINDS ME
AS AMON'S DREAM FADED FROM THE SCREEN THE GROUP GATHERED IN THE ROOM STOOD IN STUNNED SILENCE WHO WERE THESE STRANGE ENTITIES THAT HAD CONTROLLED TWO PEOPLES DESTINIES ACROSS HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND THOUSANDS OF MILES- CAUSING THEM TO MEET, FALL IN LOVE AND SIRE A SON? WHO WERE THEY AND WHAT ELSE DID THEY HAVE IN STORE?

MEANWHILE, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION SPREAD LIKE A PLAGUE THROUGHOUT THE HOME'S COMB. SCATTERED SKIRMISHES ERUPTED INTO FULL-SCALE WAR, WITH PARTICULARLY FIERCE FIGHTING RAGING NEAR THE HONEYCOMB'S KEY CONTROL POINTS.
BRIEFLY, SHANTA HAD RESORTED TO HER STILL-EXPERIMENTAL CLONE AND BIO-CYBER WARRIORS TO SOMEHOW MAKE UP FOR THE HEAVY CASUALTIES AND WHOLESALE DESERTIONS. BUT AN UNEXPECTED ELEMENT HAD BUOYED THE MORALE OF THE REBEL TROOPS - THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF AMON AND ZORA THAT HAD SPREAD THROUGH THE SISTERHOOD LIKE A YEAST INFECTION.
"NOW AMON, SURVIVOR OF THE SUPPRESSED, LONG-DEAD MAN-KIND CIVILIZATION, HAD IMPLANTED THE SEED OF A CHILD IN ZORA ... LIKE AN ANIMAL, ZORA ...LIKE AN
"CIRCUMVENTING THE SACRED WOMB-MOTHER OF THE PALACE OF LIFE' AND RECEIVING THE GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION OF STRANGE, GOD-LIKE BEINGS FROM SOMEWHERE BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING."
AND THEY WERE MORE THAN CERTAIN THAT SHANTA AND HER FOLLOWERS WERE SOMEKIND OF IMPOSTERS!
ZORA HAD RECOGNIZED HER CHILD IN THE PROJECTED IMAGES OF AMON'S DREAM - THEIR CHILD A NEW BEING UNIQUE COMBINING THE GENES OF THE TWO RACES SEPARATED FROM EACH OTHER FOR MILLENIA AND IT WAS GROWING INSIDE OF HER - ONE LIFE INSIDE ANOTHER GODDESS!

ONLY THE ANCIENT GODDESSES WERE ABLE TO CONCEIVE—AND ONLY ONCE. AFTER THE WOMB-MOTHER WAS CONSTRUCTED WITHIN THE PALACE OF LIFE AND IT BECAME THE SOLE METHOD OF HUMAN REPRODUCTION ON THE HONEYCOMB. SO IT WAS WRITTEN IN THE CODEX OF THE ONE HUNDRED TRUTHS.
BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE THE GIFT



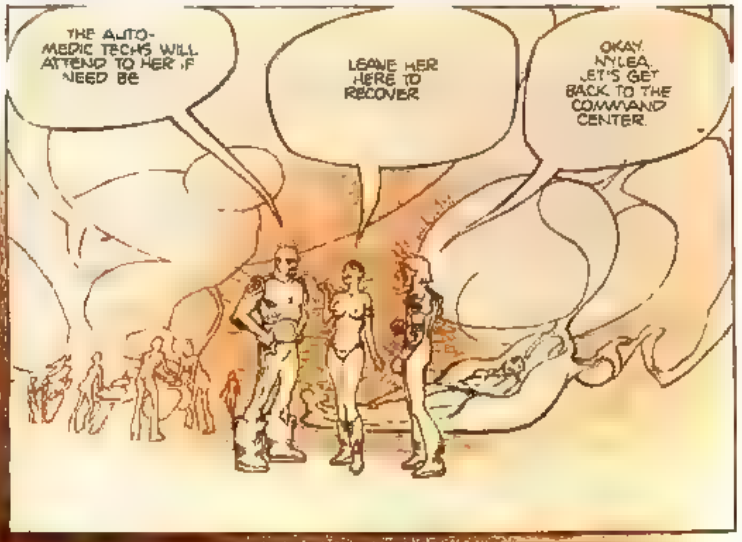
ZORA'S SURROUNDINGS FADED BEFORE THE FORCE OF HER EMOTIONS. SHE AND SHE ALONE, WOULD HAVE TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE CONFLICTING FEELINGS WELLING UP INSIDE HER. LOVE AND ANGUISH FOR AMON, HAPPINESS AND TREPIDATION OVER THE EXPECTED CHILD THAT GREW WITHIN HER.

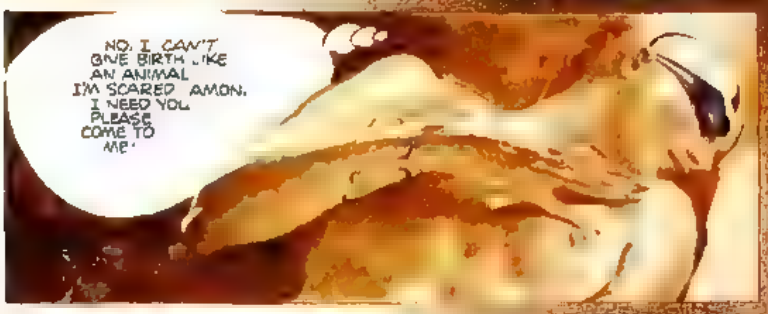
CAPTAIN ZORA, SO ADMIRED FOR HER COOLNESS AND SELF-ASSURANCE. HA! IDIOTS! ARROGANT FOOLS! HOW LITTLE WE KNOW ABOUT OURSELVES! HAHAHAH!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE, ZORA FELT A CONVULSIVE STAB IN HER CHEST, AND A PAINFUL CLUTCHING IN HER THROAT. SHE SOBBED CHOKINGLY. AFTER A WHILE, HER BREATHING RETURNED TO NORMAL, AND ZORA, EXHAUSTED BY THE VENTING OF HER TENSIONS, FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP.

SHE'S LEARNED HOW VULNERABLE WE HUMANS ARE WHEN WE DON'T HAVE CHIEFS OR GODS TO TELL US WHAT TO DO. BUT ONLY WHEN WE'RE FULLY CONSCIOUS OF OUR WEAKNESSES CAN WE BEGIN TO MEASURE OUR TRUE HUMANITY

EVERYONE SILENTLY AGREED WITH BRONCO'S WORDS. ZORA COULD, *WOULD* BE THEIR FUTURE. A FUTURE THAT HAD BEEN DENIED THEM UNTIL NOW.





IT SICKENS ME NOW TO THINK OF THE HONEY-COMB THE SISTER-HOOD THE EARTH MY PAST IF YOU WERE TO DIE. I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD GO ON LIVING!

ZORA'S EYES FILLED WITH WATER AND, WITHOUT ANY APPARENT PHYSICAL REASON, TEARS BEGAN ROLLING DOWN HER FACE. IT WAS ANOTHER NEW EXPERIENCE FOR HER. IT WAS AS IF HER BODY AND SPIRIT WERE INTERLOCKED AND ALL THE PAIN AND ANGUISH SHE FELT IN HER SOUL WAS MIRRORED IN PHYSICAL SUFFERING.

TO BE CONTINUED

JUNE 2050

BY

JOHN WORKMAN · GEORGE PRATT

UH MISS KEENE.. IT'S ME MADY
YES COME IN
MADY. I AM IN THE MIDDLE OF A DISCUSSION WITH OUR NEWEST EMPLOYEE. YOU'VE MET MISS WHITE?
YES UH.. I'M VERY SORRY THAT I INTERRUPTED, BUT...
.WELL .. HE'S HERE AGAIN
HER!? YOU MEAN POOR MR SYMS?
YES MAAM
AND NONE OF THE GIRLS WILL
THAT'S RIGHT
MR SYMS! SIGH'E HE'S A.. A VERY UNIQUE CUSTOMER, MISS WHITE A FORMER SPACE PILOT RATHER HANDSOME, AS I REMEMBER..
OF COURSE THAT WAS YEARS BEFORE HE CRASH-LANDED ON AN UNCHARTED BUT INHABITED PLANET HE BARELY LIVED THROUGH THE CRASH THE CREATURES ON THE PLANET PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER USING THEMSELVES AS EXAMPLES OF WHAT HE SHOULD LOOK LIKE
HE SHOWS UP HERE QUITE OFTEN. THE GIRLS ADORE HIM EVEN THOUGH HE'S NOT A VERY PRETTY SIGHT!
I I WONDER.. WOULD YOU...
I'D LOVE TO.
MARGOT WHITE, COLLEGE DROPOUT, FOUND EMPLOYMENT ON A WARM SUMMER DAY IN JUNE 2050
SHE WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE GOOD AND EVEN THOUGH THINGS WEREN'T ALWAYS TO HER LIKING
GASP!
SHE PERSEVERED MARGO HAD THE ATTITUDE OF A REAL PRO
HELLO. MR SYMS I'M MARGOT.
PRATT 83

Erotica Ann (Karen Bebb), Galatia 9 (Elaine Lee), Sister Bronwyn (Kathy K Gerber), and Brucula the Muscle (Norfleet Lee) stand ready for action. Costumes and set design are by Michael Kaluta

Photographs by **Sean Smith**

STAGESTRUCK STARSTRUCK

by Steven Maloff

Before "Starstruck" was a comic strip, now devoured monthly by *Heavy Metal* readers, it was a play that ran at New York's Network theater in the Spring of 1980. On the third anniversary of its opening, the play is being resurrected at Tomi's Park Royal (23 W. 73rd St., New York, NY 10023, (212-787-3980), April 16 through May 8.

When Michael Kaluta, illustrator, approached writer Elaine Lee, who was pouring over a stack of sf fanzines in a New York restaurant, Lee mentioned a play that she was mulling over, and Kaluta offered to work on the sets and costumes. So began the prolific team of Lee and Kaluta.

"I re-read the Bible and picked up some science fiction themes from that."

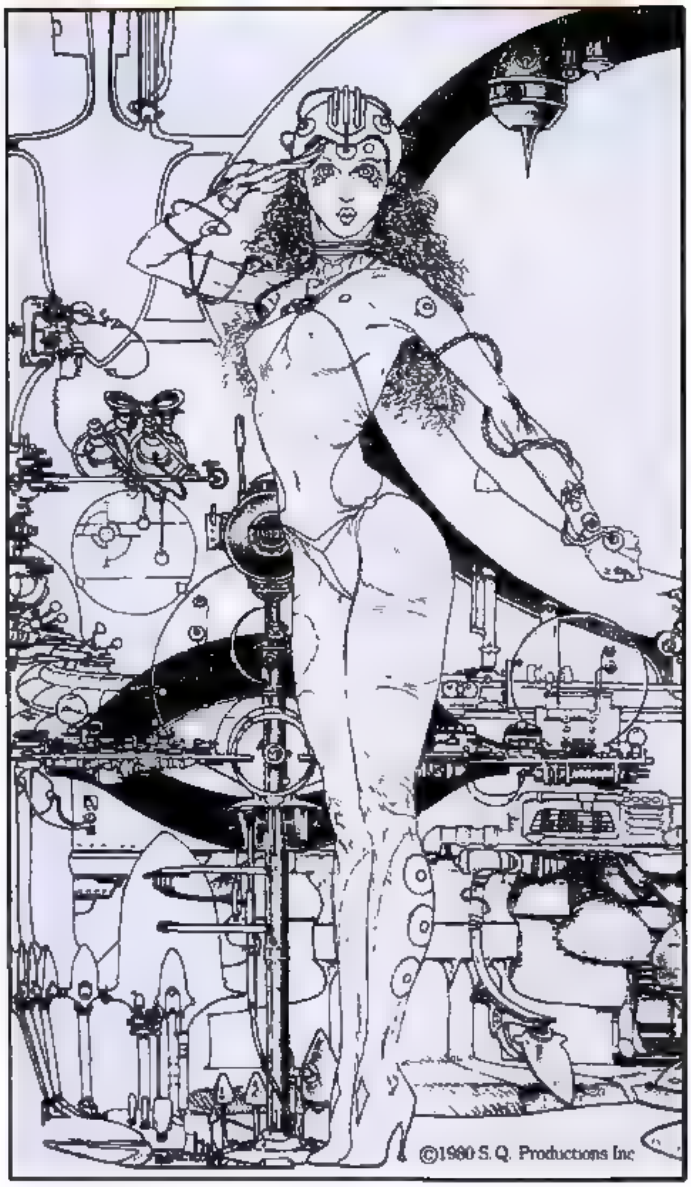
"*Starstruck* started out as a spoof of popular media science fiction, with stock characters," says Lee. "Then I re-read the Bible, and picked up some science fiction themes from that, and Michael fed me other original sf ideas. Of course, it includes some social commentary—people often comment on the feminism—but it's all comedy. I want people to *enjoy* it. People accept new ideas and commentary more readily if they're funny."

By April 1980, the cast and crew were not ready to spring *Starstruck* on theatergoers, but they did. "The set was being built right up until people started coming in. At 7:45, the stage manager was on stage, drying Verloona's throne with a hair dryer. We really had our dress rehearsal a week after we opened."

"Kaluta is just the designer for folks with a limited budget," Lee continues. "We built Harpy, the good guys' spaceship out of coffee cans, an old Hot Wheels set, Alka Seltzer bottles filled with marbles and water, and Bingo chips, among other things."

By the time the play closed, Kaluta and Lee were hopelessly immersed in *Starstruck*, and couldn't abandon it. It was then that Kaluta suggested a comic strip. "I'd never done a strip before," Lee remembers, "it's such a big commitment." She soon found out what a commitment it was when she found herself walled up in Kaluta's apartment for months on end, inventing new characters and pasts for them—things that may never have been used, just, perhaps, mentioned in passing by a minor character. The two have stacks of index cards with definitions of new words, descriptions of systems. "We ask ourselves all kinds of questions, and we argue a lot." For instance, "Did this religion grow out of conditions on the planet, or was it an import? We have a system of planets whose government is based on the *National Enquirer*'s 'Simple Recipe for Happiness,' and it works! The ideas for the major stories were suggested by things the characters in the play had revealed about their

Above. The evil Verloona (Sandra Spurney) has a few choice words for Kalif Bajar (Paul Ratkevich). Below. Kaluta's original sketch of Verloona's costume



Above. Erotica Ann and Kalif Bajar share a tender moment.
Below: Kaluta's version of the beautiful android as seen in the Starstruck Portfolio from S Q. Productions

"Starstruck is the universe, and Michael and I are the Gods."

pasts. We *know* our universe, and we hope that will add an extra dimension to the stories that actually make it into the books. Michael and I have been living in our own alternate universe for over three years now."

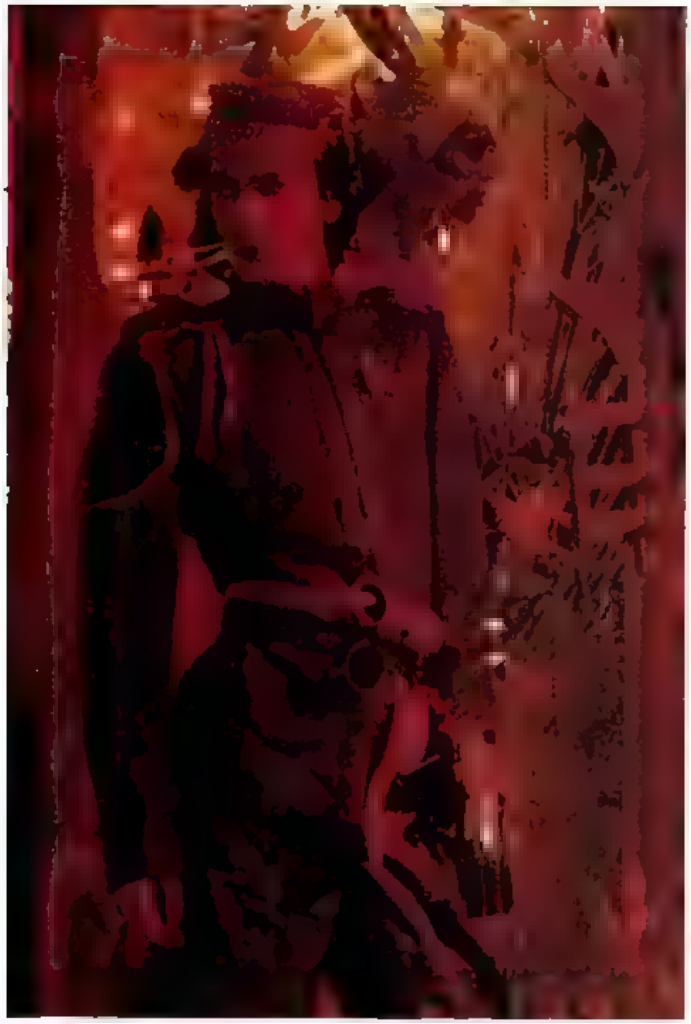
Even though the play had closed and the strip had begun, Lee and Kaluta were anxious to mount the theatrical production again. A few directors made suggestions—one director said to make more good vs. evil, like *Star Wars*, another said to make it more decadent, like *Rocky Horror*. But Lee and Kaluta are committed to their personal vision of what *Starstruck* is, and they remain unpersuaded.

"It's fantasy entertainment. I think fantasy has replaced religion for a lot of people. It's the 'ecstatic experience,' when make-believe becomes real. God is just too far away, and science fiction is now giving that to people. Fantasy is touching deeper, it strikes at the hearts and minds of people. Other people's science fiction future is becoming our present experience! It has more to do with today."

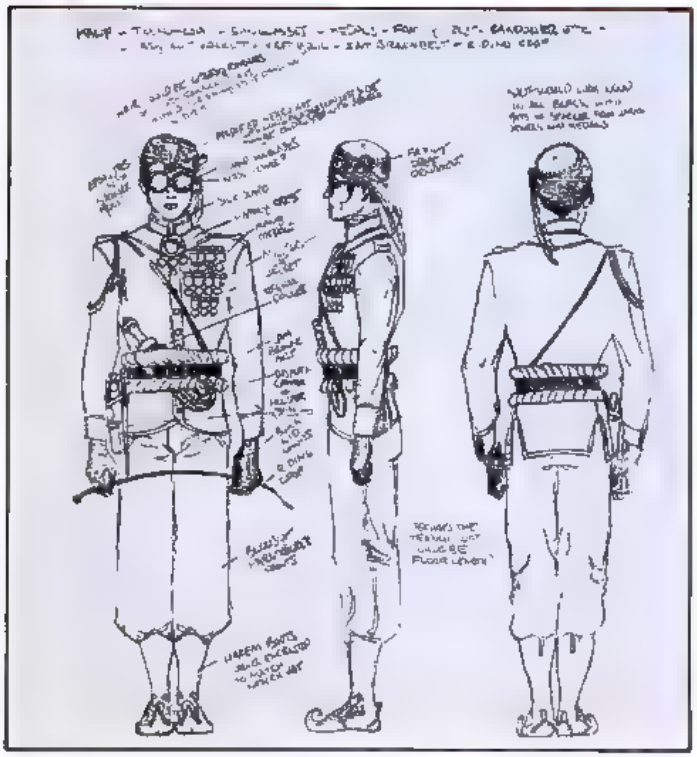
"Since this is the second time around for *Starstruck*," she continues, "it's a lot easier and more professional, naturally. We're *not* going to finish the costumes opening night. We began re-working the play immediately. It's basically the same set, but with a lot of decorative differences—for instance, our spaceships have video monitors. But we've been working on *Starstruck* for three years, and the play itself has also evolved. We've taken stuff from the strip and put it into the play. We've cut a couple of characters and condensed a few scenes.

The characters have grown past us and now exist on their own. *Starstruck* is the universe, and Michael and I are the Gods. The play and the strip have come from *that*."

Lee will next begin to study video, and we can expect a taped production to emerge from the universe of Elaine Lee and Michael Kaluta's *Starstruck*.



Galatia 9



Above Kalif Bajar in the flesh.
Below· Kalif Bajar in pencil captured by the nimble hand of Michael Kaluta.

Above. The entire cast of characters as envisioned by Kaluta
Opposite The somewhat menacing Verloona skipper of the Siren 3 *and leader of the pack in the "Queen of Outer Space" contest.*

STARSTRUCK

WRITTEN BY ELAINE LEE · ILLUSTRATED BY M. W. KALUTA
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

LAST WE SAW, SQUADRON 4 OF THE 2 ST TACTICAL ASSAULT GROUP WAS ORDERED TO MAKE A RUN THROUGH THE OFF[illegible] NEUTRAL ZONE IN ORDER TO ELUDE THE HITROLIC VERCADIAN PROTECTOR ANDROID

"My lips moved in a silent prayer to the Mother as point group crawled under Vercadian Base 10, drawing their H-beams like so many Pryfromian Phlys And suddenly...

" the Zone smiled wide

HOLY SHIT!

", belching bile from its great churning gut, and each brave Brigader of Point Group saw his or her face reflected in its omnivorous teeth as he or she stared grim-faced down the trembling throat of death!

GUNNER AN' SARGE JUST BOUGHT THE FARM...

"Unbeknownst to me, "Damper" and the Hi-Boys had cut out the malignant Base 5 like the cancer it was. My full attention was, at the time, primarily focused on keepin' Point Group clear of the fast-fryin' fangs of the death-dealin' droids.

My full attention proved to be worth less than a BAJAR SHILLING

SKINK AND WEEBLE JUST BOUGHT THE FARM!

"There was a hell of a lotta real estate auctioned off in that Neutral Zone an' my kids thought they were pickin' it whole sale! To my mind, they were paying top dollar. .

" they were paying with BRIGADER BLOOD!

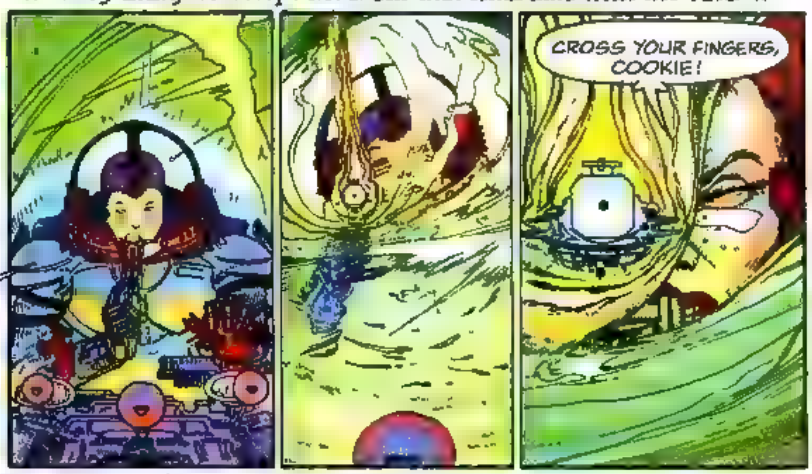
OH MOTHER OH MOTHER OH MOTHER STAN...!

"... I saw it comin' at 'em, but before I could say 'Stan! Claw off to Port!', Stan and "Butcher" had been reduced to a fond memory...

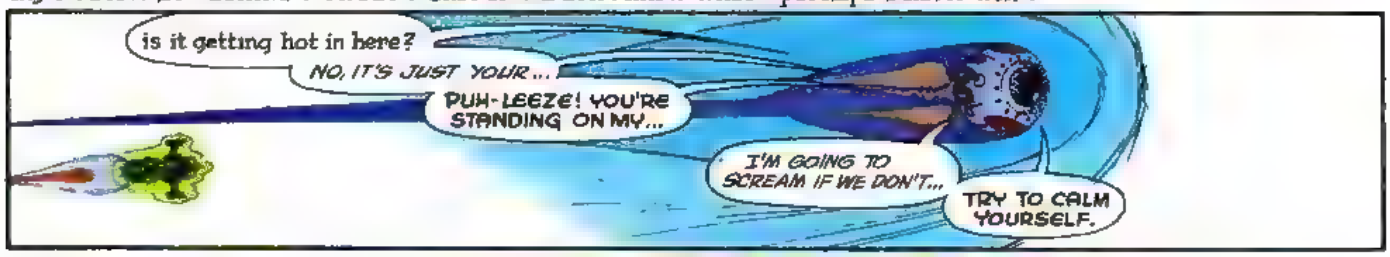
...and just as suddenly--"

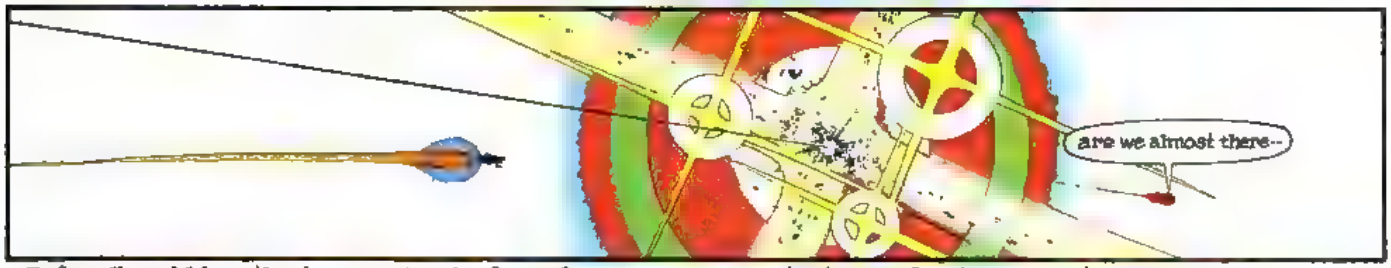
BA-LAAM!
"The noise was deafning as the ship was hit with wavering green light that pinned us to our seats like moths to corkboard, then bounced us about the cabin like a couple a b-b's in a tin cup
"When I was able to see ANYTHING, what I saw was a big pair o' peepers The blast had peeled the nose like a big banana and curled it back over the deadlight so that I was sittin' there starin' into the crazy shark-eyes of 'Mama Spank"!
BRU! THE COMPUTER'S OUT! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO MANUAL!
SONOFFA...! HOLD TIGHT, COOKIE! WE'RE GONNA BLOW OFF THE HULL!
"I was flyin' blind and white-faced as a freshman on hazing day. My left hand worked quickly, priming the explosive bolts with a mind of its own, leaving the right hand free to jockey the ship.
"And just as quickly, my thumb flicked the inner hull maintenance ejector switch, and...
?
"...when what to my wondering eyes did appear. ?"

"As we sped toward obliteration, I hoisted myself up in my stirrups, pressing the barrel of my blaster slowly into and thru the translucent field of force whose quivering skin of energy was the only thing that kept me from that final date with the void ..

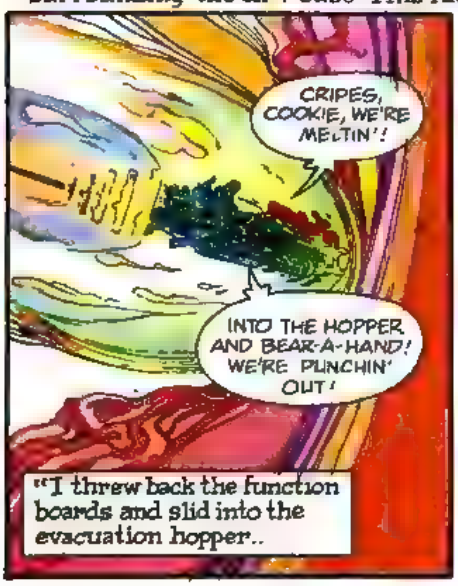


"I've never been able to explain what happened next. Suffice it to say I am here to tell the story...and I never fired my blaster. SOMETHING took out V-base 10. I don't know what perhaps I never will.

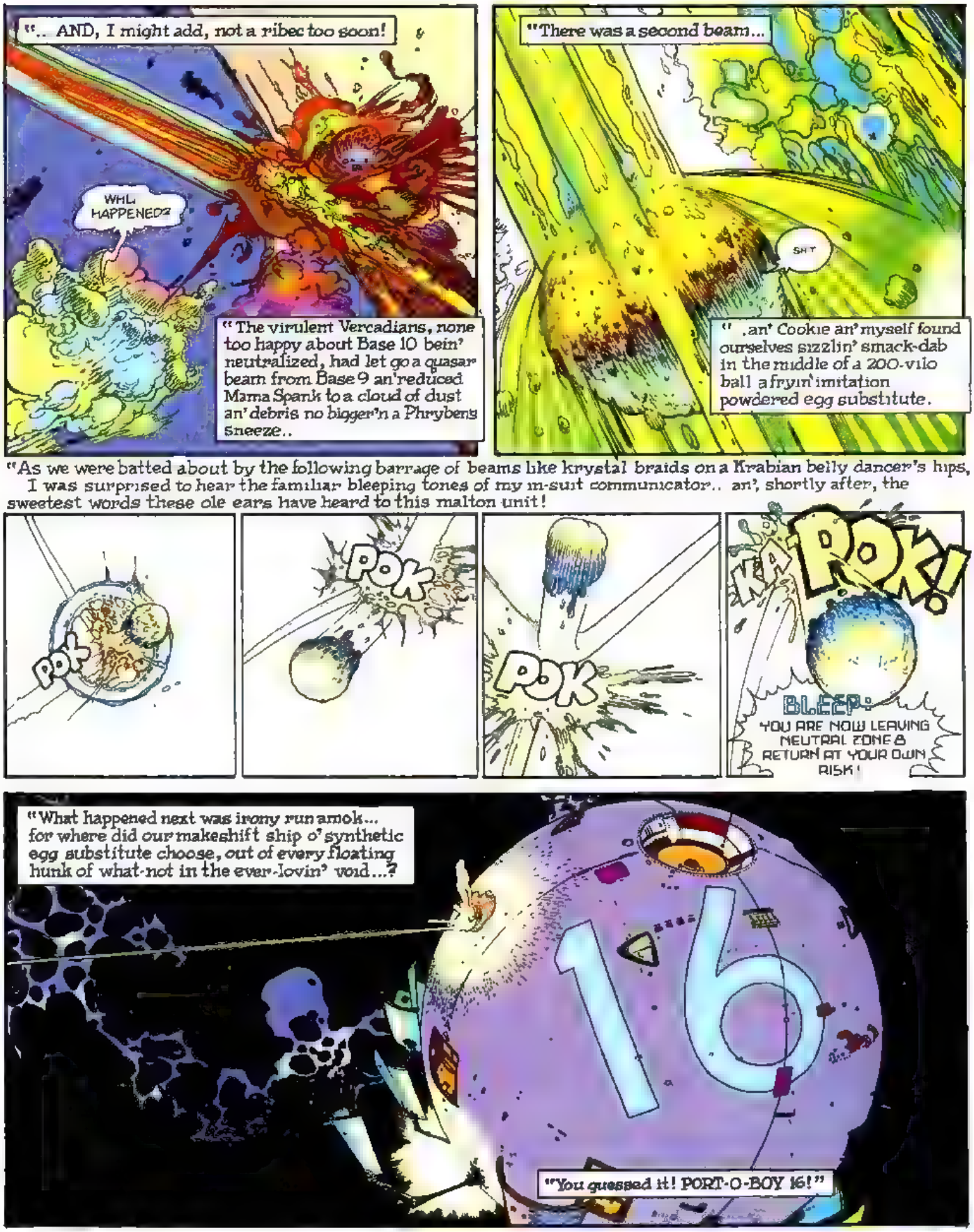


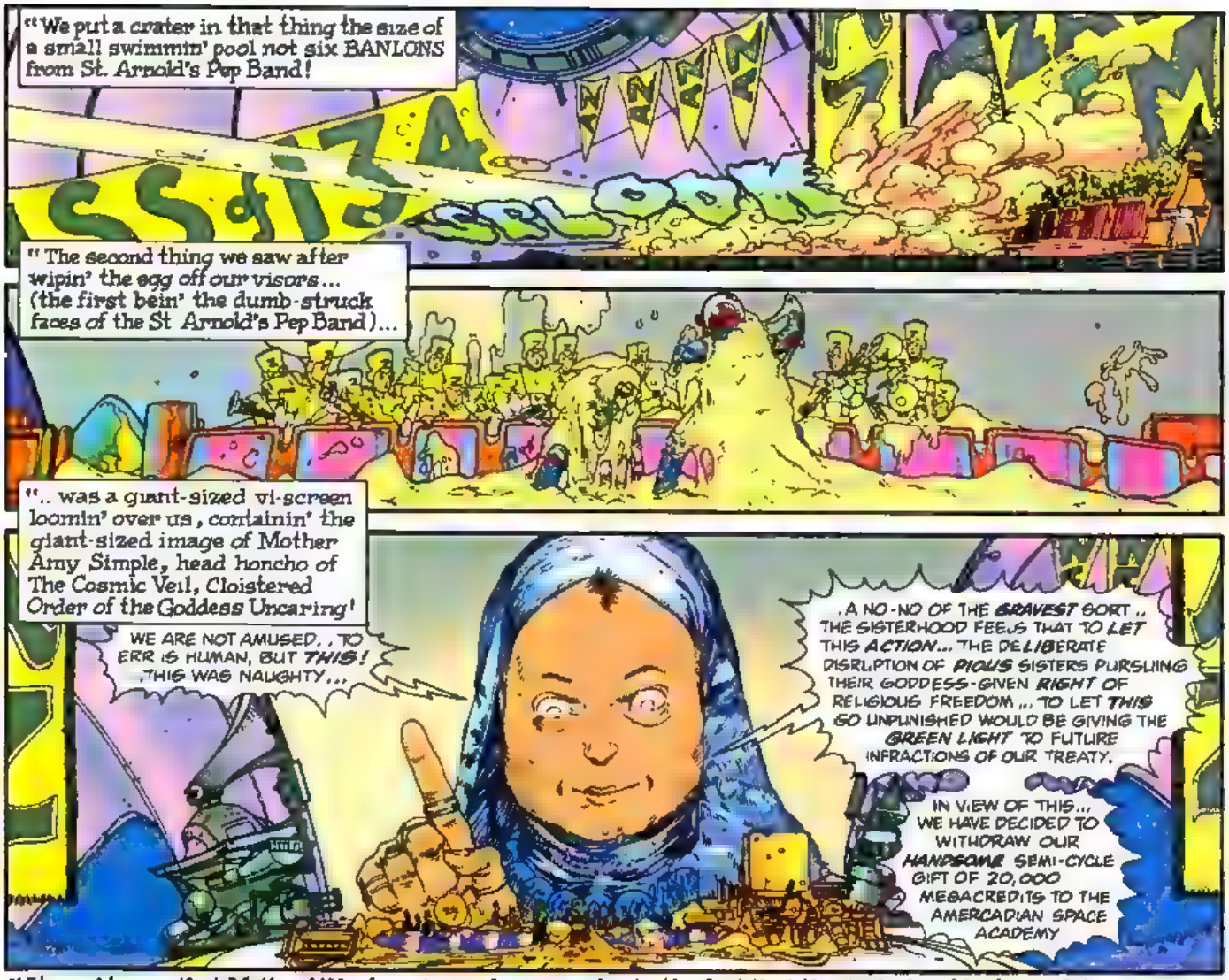


"Before I could breathe the usual sigh of relief, I became aware that we had entered an atmospheric envelope surrounding the ex-V base This fact became clear to me when I noticed the condition of the ship!

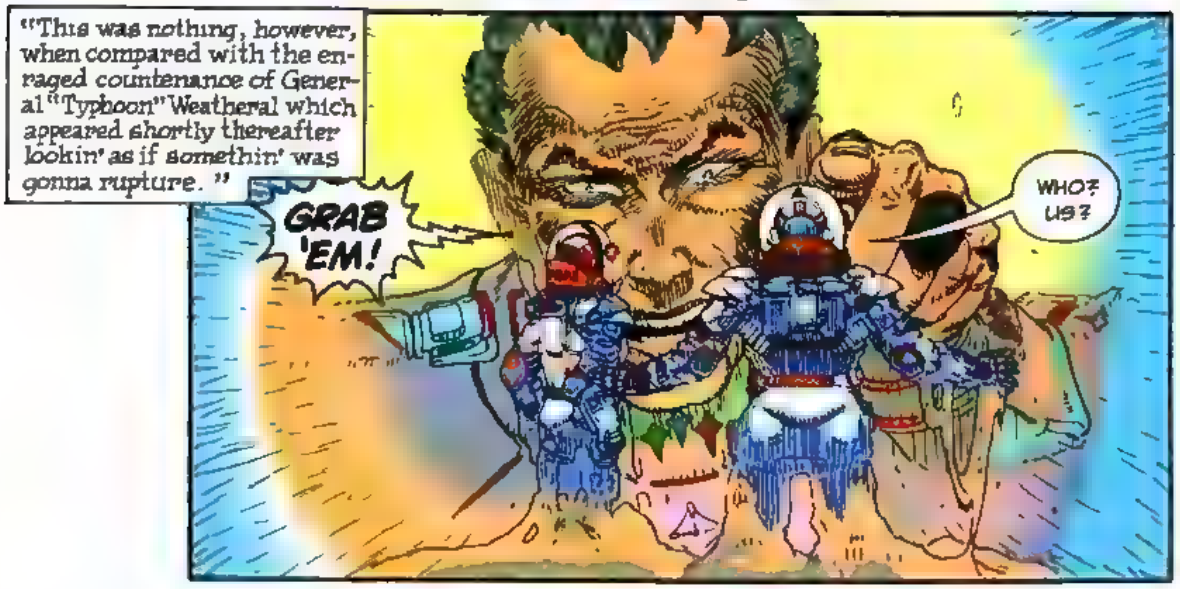

CRIPES, COOKIE, WE'RE MELTIN'!
INTO THE HOPPER AND BEAR-A-HAND! WE'RE PUNCHIN' OUT!
"I threw back the function boards and slid into the evacuation hopper..

"I remember hearin' the hum and crackle of my suit shield as Cookie, myself, and 200 vilos of imitation powdered egg substitute shot out the hopper like pork thru Aunt Emma's grey goose."

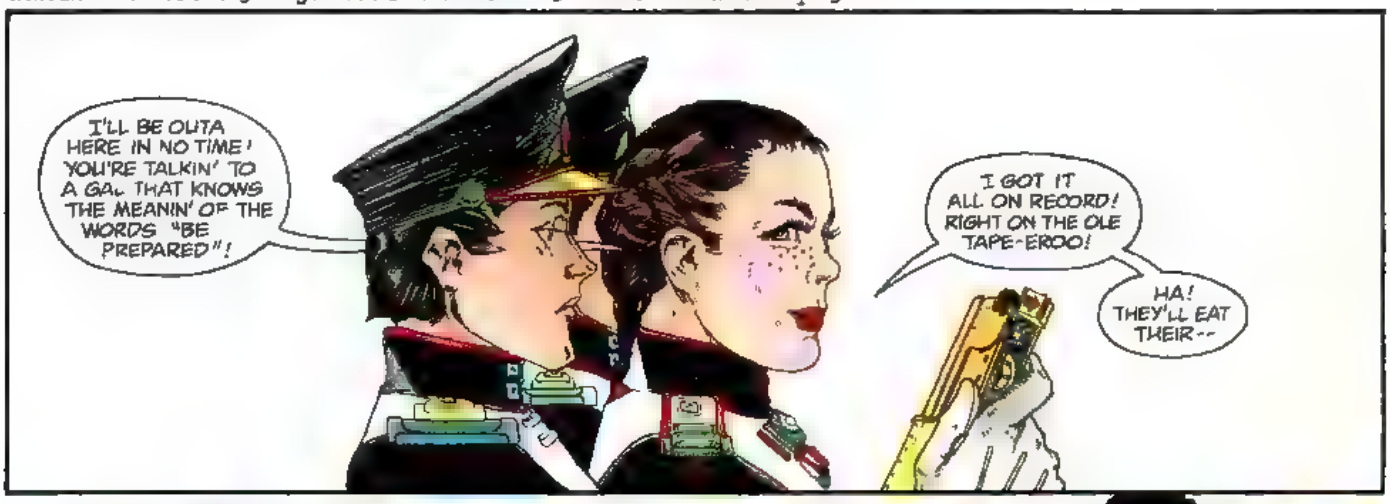

".. AND, I might add, not a ribec too soon!
WHU HAPPENED?
"The virulent Vercadians, none too happy about Base 10 bein' neutralized, had let go a quasar beam from Base 9 an' reduced Mama Spank to a cloud of dust an' debris no bigger'n a Phrybens sneeze..
"There was a second beam...
SHT
" .an' Cookie an' myself found ourselves sizzlin' smack-dab in the middle of a 200-vilo ball a fryin' imitation powdered egg substitute.
"As we were batted about by the following barrage of beams like krystal braids on a Krabian belly dancer's hips, I was surprised to hear the familiar bleeping tones of my m-suit communicator.. an', shortly after, the sweetest words these ole ears have heard to this malton unit!
POK
POK
POK
KA POK!
BLEEP:
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING NEUTRAL ZONE B RETURN AT YOUR OWN RISK!
"What happened next was irony run amok... for where did our makeshift ship o' synthetic egg substitute choose, out of every floating hunk of what-not in the ever-lovin' void...?
16
"You guessed it! PORT-O-BOY 16!"

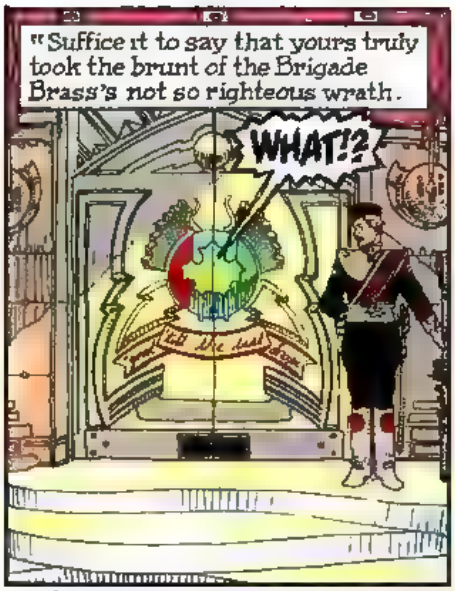

"We put a crater in that thing the size of a small swimmin' pool not six BANLONS from St. Arnold's Pep Band!
SSdiZA
SPLOOK
"The second thing we saw after wipin' the egg off our visors... (the first bein' the dumb-struck faces of the St Arnold's Pep Band)...
".. was a giant-sized vi-screen loomin' over us, containin' the giant-sized image of Mother Amy Simple, head honcho of The Cosmic Veil, Cloistered Order of the Goddess Uncaring!
WE ARE NOT AMUSED. TO ERR IS HUMAN, BUT THIS! THIS WAS NAUGHTY...
A NO-NO OF THE GRAVEST SORT... THE SISTERHOOD FEELS THAT TO LET THIS ACTION... THE DELIBERATE DISRUPTION OF PIOUS SISTERS PURSUING THEIR GODDESS-GIVEN RIGHT OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM... TO LET THIS GO UNPUNISHED WOULD BE GIVING THE GREEN LIGHT TO FUTURE INFRACTIONS OF OUR TREATY.
IN VIEW OF THIS... WE HAVE DECIDED TO WITHDRAW OUR HANDSOME SEMI-CYCLE GIFT OF 20,000 MEGACREDITS TO THE AMERCADIAN SPACE ACADEMY

"It would seem that Mother 'A' had a crimp in her craw due to the fact that the Sisterhood had one of its cosmic hen-coops tucked back in the Neutral Zone, and the commotion caused by Squadron 4's collision with the forces of chaos had disturbed their meditory vibrations.

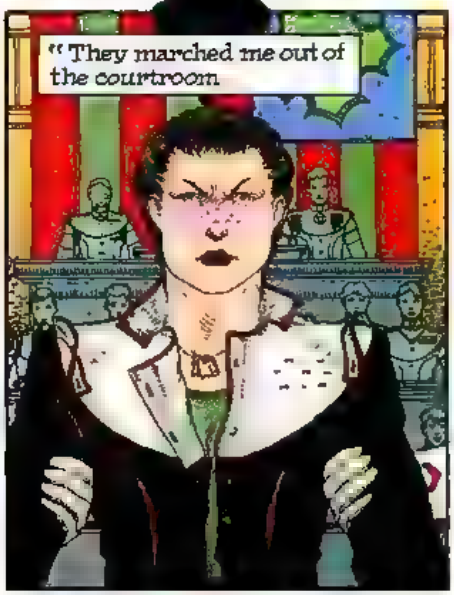

"This was nothing, however, when compared with the enraged countenance of General "Typhoon" Weatheral which appeared shortly thereafter lookin' as if somethin' was gonna rupture."
GRAB 'EM!
WHO? US?

"The next few marbecs were a nightmare. Little did I suspect that I was to play the pawn in a drama of deception that made a travesty of justice and a mockery of the words 'fair play'.

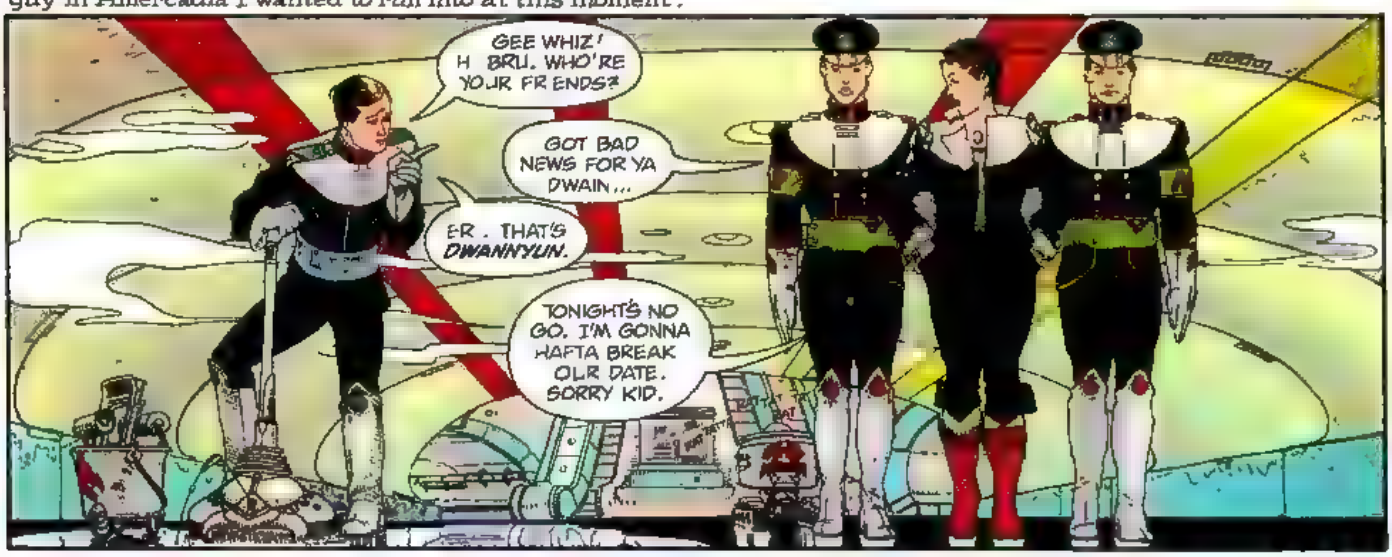

I'LL BE OUTA HERE IN NO TIME! YOU'RE TALKIN' TO A GAL THAT KNOWS THE MEANIN' OF THE WORDS "BE PREPARED"!
I GOT IT ALL ON RECORD! RIGHT ON THE OLE TAPE-EROO!
HA! THEY'LL EAT THEIR--



"And the tape...well, pïvrvits protect their own.. the tape was not admitted as evidence. I was humiliated, cashiered, broken from the ranks.



"... down deep into and through the dank gray back corridors of Brigade Headquarters. I hung my head, so filled was I with shame and burning rage and then, by yet another foul turn of fate, found myself face to face with the last guy in Amercadia I wanted to run into at this moment."


GEE WHIZ! H BRU. WHO'RE YOUR FRENDS?
GOT BAD NEWS FOR YA DWAIN...
ER. THAT'S DWANNYUN.
TONIGHT'S NO GO. I'M GONNA HAFTA BREAK OUR DATE. SORRY KID.

GOLLY... BUT BRU...? IT'S THE PROM...
SORRY, KID .. I'M SHIPPIN' OUT.
IT'S A GREAT BIG GALAXY OUT THERE, KID, AN' I'M GONNA GRAB MY PIECE OF IT.
...I'M MARRIED TO THE BRIGADE, KID... I GOTTA GO WHERE NO WOMAN HAS EVER GONE BEFORE TWO SHUTTLES PASSIN' IN THE VOID...THAT'S WHAT WE WERE KID. AND SOME UNIT, DWAIN, YOU'LL LOOK OUT AT THOSE CRAZY STARS...
PAT TAT

"So shoot me, I lied. I couldn't tell him the truth..."

I was a scapegoat, a pariah, a team player screwed by the team. As I turned my gaze away from all I held dear and looked steadily at my own uncertain future, the faces of those brave Brigaders of Squadron Four seemed to beckon me from the vast vi-screen of Eternity.

They were not on my conscience, for I had done what I had to do. They remained a fond memory, for they had done the best they could.

THE VALIANT WHO DIED :

- LT JOHNNY "DANGLE" LATCHSKEY
- LT STANLEY "WONG ME" WONG THE MAN
- JEFFRIT "BEAVER" MACONTH
- LT DEDRE "DAMONE" DARLING
- LT INDLYNE "SWEETIE" DEE
- LT ASHLEY "SMOKEY" WALKES
- "THE WART"
- SGT BELLA "BUTCHER" BLOK
- SGT ZEN "WEEBLE" FEATHERTREADER
- SGT ED "BRUISER" McCRUE
- SGT G.D "GOOSE" PRAISER
- SGT WUNDRA "DOODLE" BUGG
- LT TOM "SLAMMER" BROWN
- LT MALCOLM "SPECS" TRUEHEART
- "ICE BUCKET" O'TOOLE
- LT MILDRED "GONED" THUMBO
- LT LOUIS "BROSSOM" GREENBERG
- LEROY "TIGGER" BURROUGHTH
- LT RUTH "RUTHLESS" KAT
- SGT THOM "SARGE" BROWN
- SGT EZRA "PROPHET JR"
- SGT HELTHAZ "TWISTER" YNN
- SGT HEJGA "BONECRUSHER" ZAFZ
- SGT. SOOZIE "THE WITCH" CRAWMOAN
- SGT DAVE "DILLY" DAILY
- SGT BALTHAZAR "THE B" LEE

SNIF!

EXCERPTED FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW 'CAUSE I GET BETTER-LOOKIN' EVERY MALTON-UNIT"
The Life and Times of Brucilla "The Muscle": Woman of War– Lucky in Love

TO BE CONTINUED.

"YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That s what the publishers of comic books in the late Sixt es were saying "You can t sell comic books where one artist does his own writing inking and lettering," they said "The public wants assembly-line art You guys are crazy

They were r ght — but after over 1 000 000 underground com x have been sold t seems like they were only right about the ast part These artists **were** crazy, and countless fans have enjoyed their brand of insanity ever since Underground comix are alive and well after over a decade of break ng the old rules of cartooning And they are available through th s offer in their original form

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_____Comix Funnies Package @ $6.75 (KGFUNNY)
Fantasy Comix Package @ $6 25 (KGFANT1)

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Fantasy Comix Package. Artists like Richard Corben and Jack Katz do their thing in unrestra ned med um Wow 5 titles **$6.25**

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Ms Summons-Lynch:

I should tell you that I enjoy *HM* very much. I offer you nothing but encouragement. Keep doing your thing. I read February's "Chain Mail" and reacted to your treatment of the letter from "Frank Thring, Somewhere Out West." After first glancing at your somewhat nasty interjections, I thought, "God, what a bitch!" *(Hold it right there, bozo. Those are Lou's nasty interjections you're talking about. Credit where credit's due . . .—ls)* But I changed my mind, particularly since I happen to like "rock noise," and yes, it is too music, Mr. Thring, thank you very much. Just as much as Bach, Bartók, Berg, and Boulez were influenced (as in the latter case) by the folk music of their times, so are today's composers influenced by the Beatles, Coltrane, etc., and vice-versa. I think you are perfectly justified in the defense of your own art. Your cause is noble.

Why do people feel the need to criticize art? These people seem to be the self-worshiping types who think their opinions are so important that they should try to convince others. Twentieth century crusaders. They are also, directly or indirectly, the "Oh dahling, do let's go to the symphony and I'll wear my new munk," types. This is why so-called classical music has its snobbish reputation. I can't stand that (yes, I read Gregory Sandow's insightful article in the January issue). So you may ask, why am I a violinist? (Of course, this probably was the furthest from your mind, since you don't even know me.) Because I find that Bach's D Minor Partita for solo violin has something meaningful to say to me as a person living in the present, and gives me a sort of post-mortem rapport with the composer, and helps me understand how he's influenced virtually every other composer since. I can only hope as a performer that no matter whether I'm playing Bach or Ligeti or Stevie Wonder or Frank Zappa that there is even *one* person out there listening to the music and what's being said, rather than making judgements or feigning interest out of conformity. There is a great deal of peer pressure in the "classical world," and many different reasons why people go to concerts of any kind of music. And it's always acceptable to propitiate someone by emulating his/her record collection or taste in art. I suppose one way to understand someone is to be able to appreciate the kind of music s/he likes—but I'll never be able to understand these critics, amateur or professional, who never seem to like *anything* any more.

Of course, if critics are assholes, then I, too, am an asshole, since I've just criticized critics. But then what the Hell. I mean, like *everybody* rationalizes.

Tom Fetherston
Cleveland, Ohio

HM:

Never before have I enjoyed a magazine as much as I enjoyed your December issue. I had to buy two just to satisfy myself. I sorta destroyed the first copy. The Dossier section is the cause of the destruction—please let me explain in two words: Billy Idol! I've rarely had as much fun in my life as I had while I was beating hell out of his smug mug. But then I got carried away and proceeded to obliterate any and all resemblances to a magazine your rag ever had. That's when I had to buy another one. The rest of the issue was just as good. I beg you never to remove "The Bus" from your pages. It's the ultimate ending to the ultimate magazine.

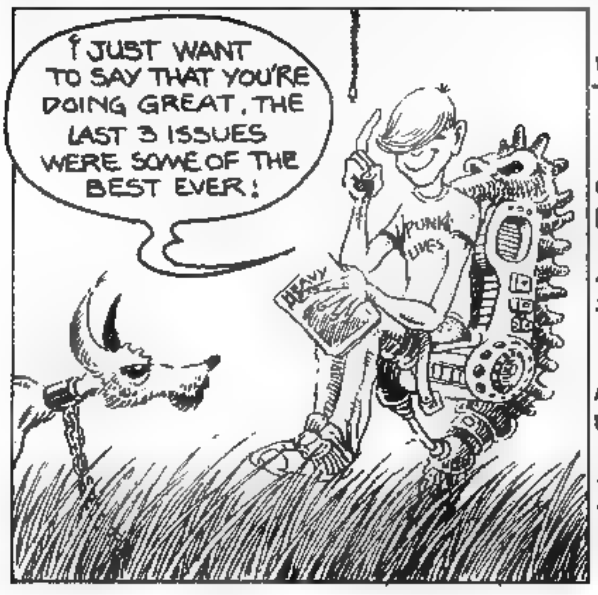
Yo Mama
Adderbury, England

Paul Kirchner—from the room where we've got him chained to a drawing board—sez thanks. We're perfectly willing to keep printing his stuff as all he asks in payment is old Transit Authority transfer tickets.—ls

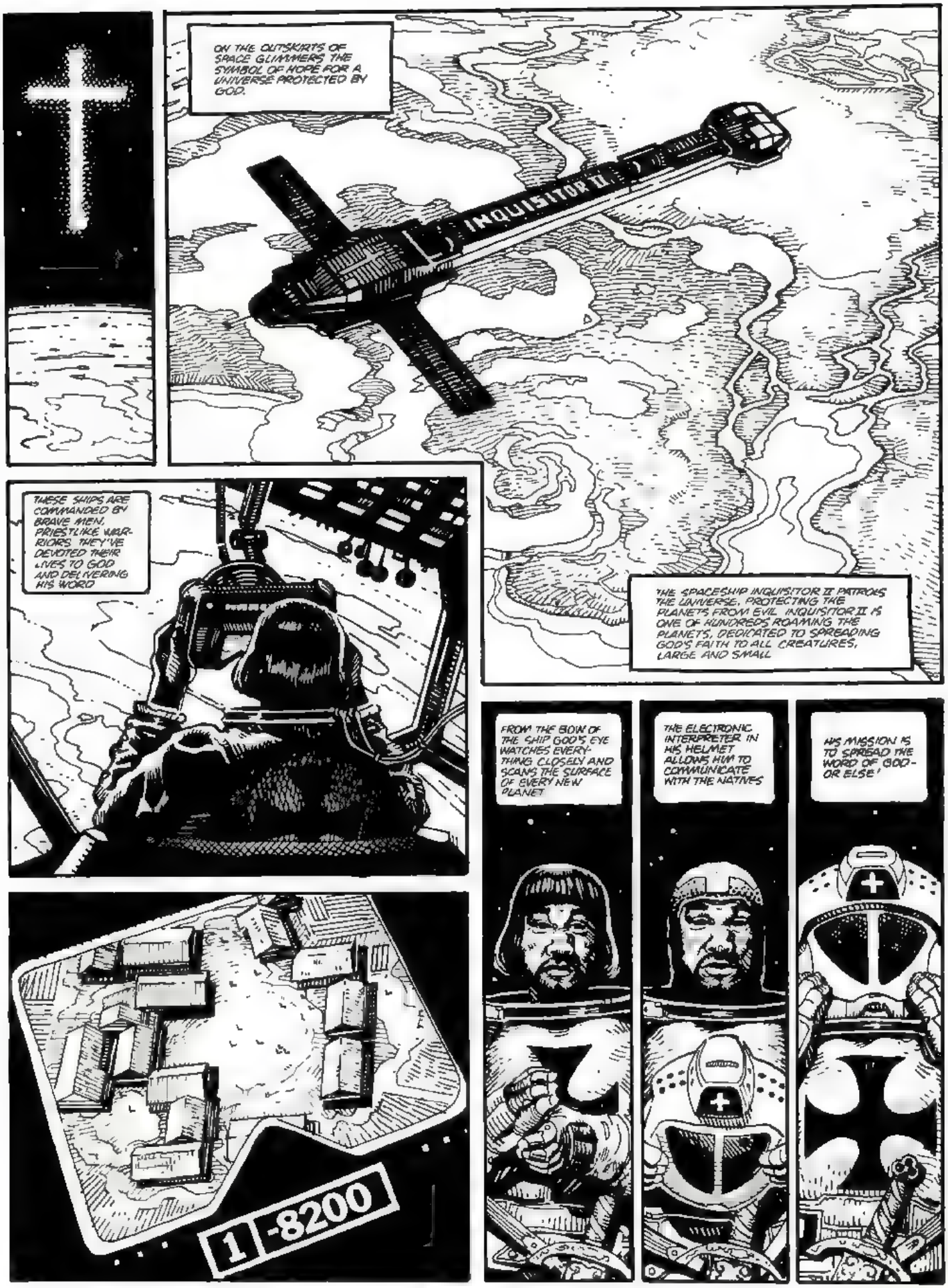
Heavy Metalites:

Your best cover art usually lurks on the back of the mag, but alas, February finds tits on both front *and* back. It's a shame that you feel the need to pander to a sex hungry male audience. You have a fine magazine—quality art and quality production. Don't you think you'd boost the size and quality of your audience if you didn't alienate so many potential lady readers? It's no wonder you have a 95% male readership—the reason is obvious and you continue to feed the fire. I am in no way espousing a "wholesome" magazine. I just don't understand why you are letting lay dormant the potential for an even greater publication—one that aims itself at a wide audience of both guys and gals. If you really think you'd lose more readers than you'd gain by giving guys equal time on the cover (oh God, and threaten that 95%'s self-perceived masculinity?) along with a fair share of non-sex-oriented art, well, Lord Profit will have his way. *(Some of us here agree with you, some don't. I think the winner is obvious.—ls)* Women are beautiful, which is why they should be more welcomed as readers. Your steadily boob-infested cover is doing the opposite. *(You're right, of course—ls)* If I could find a magazine which presented *HM*'s type of art with a healthier, bipartisan sexuality, you'd lose this subscriber. Until then, you've got me by the balls. *(Talk about self-perceived-masculinity! ls)*

Bret Nelson
Christianburg, VA
(I didn't name the place, I just live there)


I JUST WANT TO SAY THAT YOU'RE DOING GREAT, THE LAST 3 ISSUES WERE SOME OF THE BEST EVER!
PUNK LIVES
HEAVY
I ESPECIALY ENJOY STARSTRUCK, THE APE, FREAK SHOW, THE BUS, MUDWOG, I'M AGE AND ROCK OPERA (WHAT HAPPENED LAST ISSUE?) - JUST GET SOME MORE MOEBIUS AND BILAL STORIES, AND IT'LL BE PERFECT. I ALSO LIKED THE DELANY AND MOORCOCK INTERVIEWS. NU-VINYL IS GREAT LOU, JUST WISH YOU HAD MORE SPACE.

SPACE CRUSADER
PEPE
MORENO


ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SPACE GLIMMERS THE SYMBOL OF HOPE FOR A UNIVERSE PROTECTED BY GOD.
INQUISITOR II
THE SPACESHIP INQUISITOR II PATROLS THE UNIVERSE, PROTECTING THE PLANETS FROM EVIL. INQUISITOR II IS ONE OF HUNDREDS ROAMING THE PLANETS, DEDICATED TO SPREADING GOD'S FAITH TO ALL CREATURES, LARGE AND SMALL
THESE SHIPS ARE COMMANDED BY BRAVE MEN, PRIESTLIKE WARRIORS. THEY'VE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO GOD AND DELIVERING HIS WORD
FROM THE BOW OF THE SHIP GOD'S EYE WATCHES EVERYTHING CLOSELY AND SCANS THE SURFACE OF EVERY NEW PLANET
THE ELECTRONIC INTERPRETER IN HIS HELMET ALLOWS HIM TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE NATIVES
HIS MISSION IS TO SPREAD THE WORD OF GOD - OR ELSE!
1-8200

A MENACING SHADOW SUDDENLY LOOMS OVER THE VILLAGE. THE SPECTACULAR AND CELESTIAL LANDING IMPRESSES THE VILLAGERS WHO COME TO WITNESS IT.
A GIRL APPROACHES HIM.
THE VILLAGERS WELCOME THE STRANGER TO THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY AND OFFER HIM THE PICK OF THEIR YOUNG FLESH
WHAT IS THIS? GET AWAY FROM ME, SATAN! DON'T YOU FEAR THE WRATH OF GOD?
WHAT'S GOD? DON'T YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE? DON'T YOU LIKE THIS? OH! MAYBE YOU PREFER MEN OR YOUNG BOYS? HMMMM?

IN THE NAME OF GOD, I WON'T LISTEN TO ANY MORE FILTH! THERE IS NO HOPE FOR YOU SCUM! GOD ONCE HAD COMPASSION FOR YOU, BUT SATAN HAS TAKEN OVER THE OBSCENITY OF YOUR PEOPLE HAS MADE HIM SICK!
GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOULS! SATAN LIVES WITHIN YOUR BODIES!
DON'T RUN FROM ME, SATAN! FACE THE MESSENGER OF GOD! BELIEVE, OR FACE THE SHARPNESS OF MY SWORD!
JOB DONE. WELL, NOT QUITE
THESE PURIFYING FLAMES WILL BURN OUT ALL SIGNS OF EVIL!

THESE PEOPLE ARE NOW SAFE
THIS FLAG CAN NOW FLY OVER THE VILLAGE!
GOD BLESS THIS PLACE! AMEN!
INQUISITOR II
AND THROUGH THE VASTNESS OF SPACE, THE INQUISITOR II JOURNEYS.
WATCHING OVER THE UNIVERSE LIKE A GUARDIAN ANGEL
AFTER MONTHS IN SPACE, THE POWERFUL EYE OF GOD OBSERVES THE SURFACE OF ANOTHER PLANET.
AH, ANOTHER INHABITED VILLAGE!
THE END

MARLOWSKITZ
FOR THE MOST PART, HIS BODY IS COVERED WITH A THIN PLATE OF STEEL COATED WITH PLASTIC. THEREFORE, HE AVOIDS BARROOM SCENES, WHICH INEVITABLY TURN INTO BRAWLS. THE LOWER PART OF HIS RIGHT LEG IS A MECHANICAL LIMB WHICH, IF NEED BE, BECOMES A DEADLY WEAPON. MARLOWSKITZ WAS A PRETTY HOT-SHIT DETECTIVE AROUND ABOUT THE YEAR 2500. SOCIETY WAS DETERIORATING RAPIDLY.

MARLOWSKITZ THE DETECTIVE
THE DOOR IS OPEN? BUT WHAT DAY IS IT? WEDNESDAY? YEAH, YEAH, TODAY IS WEDNESDAY.
OH. IT'S THE CLEANING WOMAN! THEN HOW CAN IT BE WEDNESDAY? SHE USUALLY COMES IN ON THURSDAY!
TODAY WAS BETTER FOR ME. ON THURSDAYS NOW I DUST THE STALACTITES IN THE GYM OF THE UPPER TOMBS!
GOOD FOR YOU! NO PROBLEM!

STALAC-
TITES?
UPPER
TOMBS?
GYM?
...DUST?...
DUST!
DUST
THIS, YOU
SPY!
SKIPZ
AND
THOSE
CORNERS!
THE STALACTITES DON'T NEED DUSTING ANY LONGER SINCE THEY PUT IN THE NEW ANTISTATIC SPACESHIP. GODDAMNED
SPY!

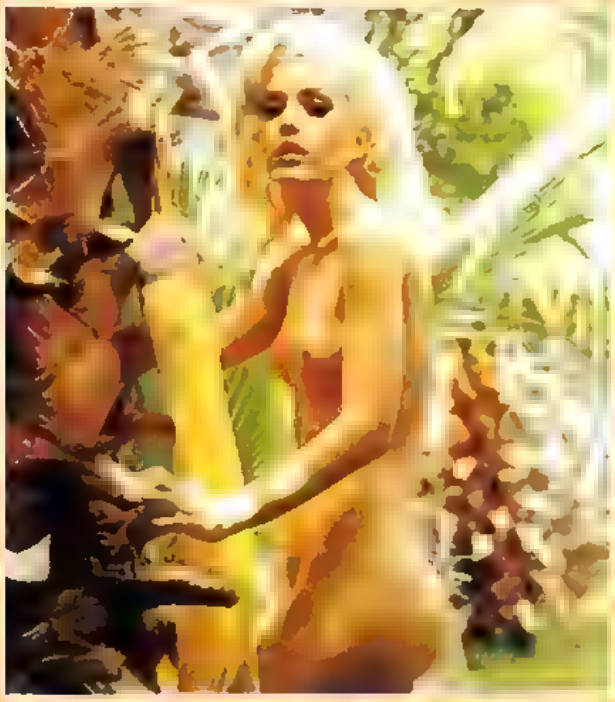
THE END STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF MARLOWSKITZ, THE ROBOTIC DETECTIVE WITH A WICKED TEMPER!

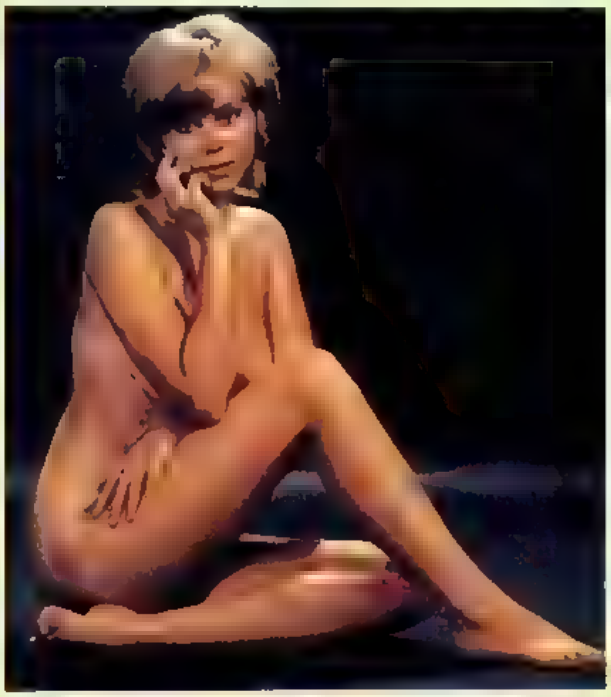
By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace.





"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"

Sirs:

As far as I'm concerned, MBA Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for her.

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Sirs:

I go along with MBA Candy. In the acumen and marketing-strategy department she couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

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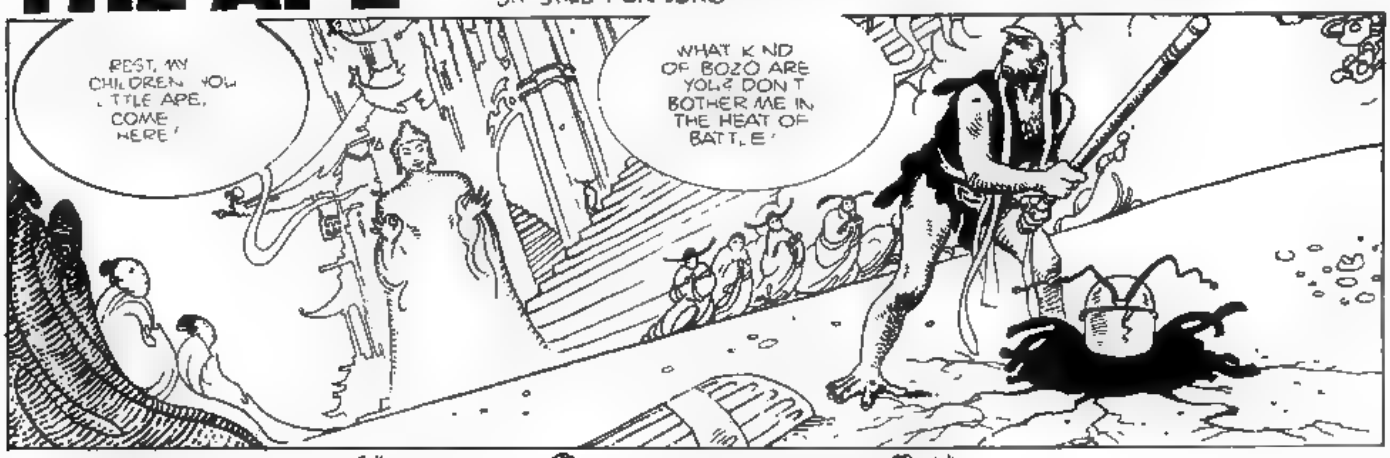
"Use my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."

THE APE

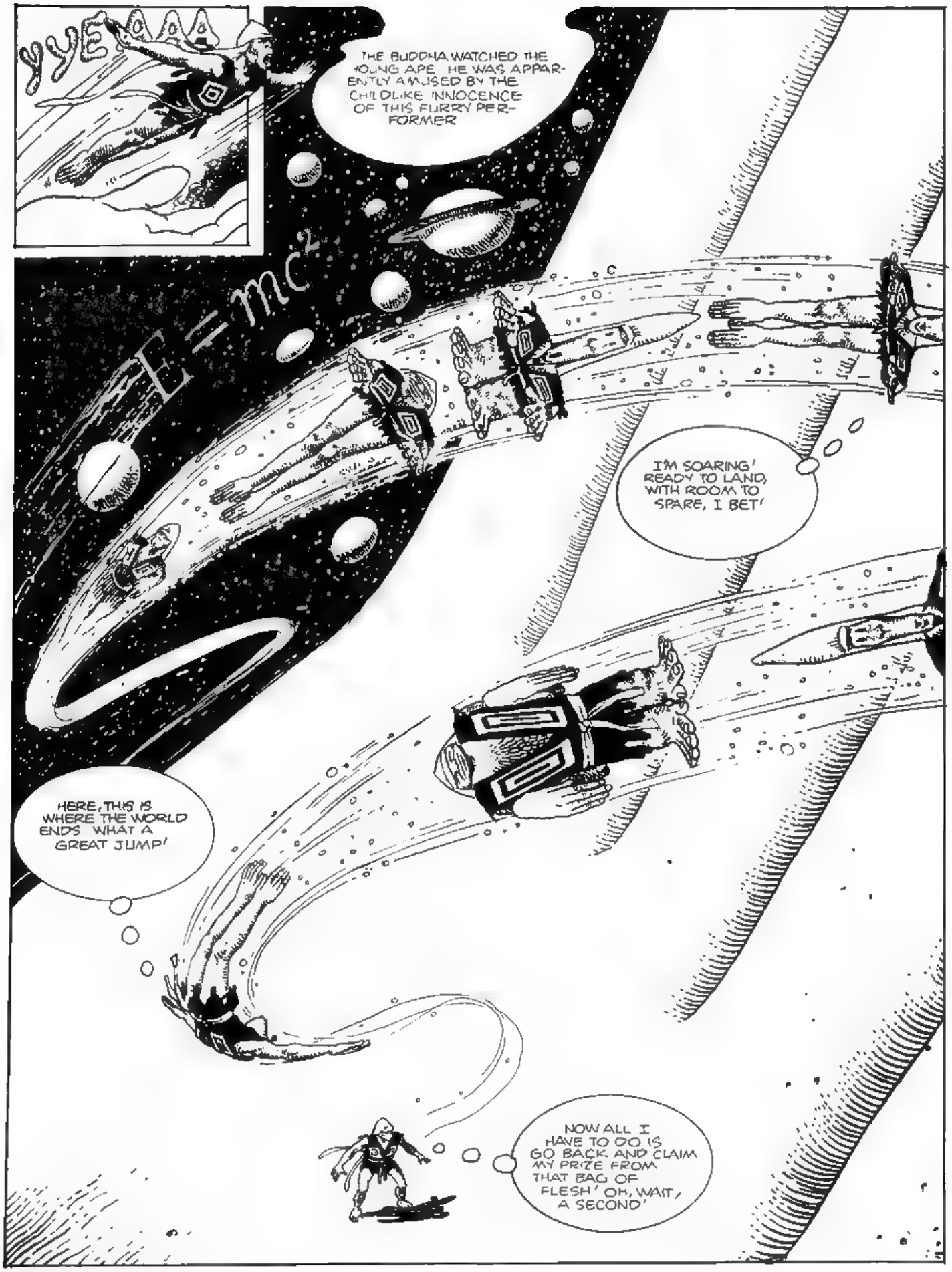
LAST WE READ, THE YOUNG APE WAS CAPTURED BY THE EMPEROR, WHO ORDERED LAO-TSE TO MAKE "BUG JUICE" OUTA HIM. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE Y'A DIDN'T SIT STILL FOR LONG!

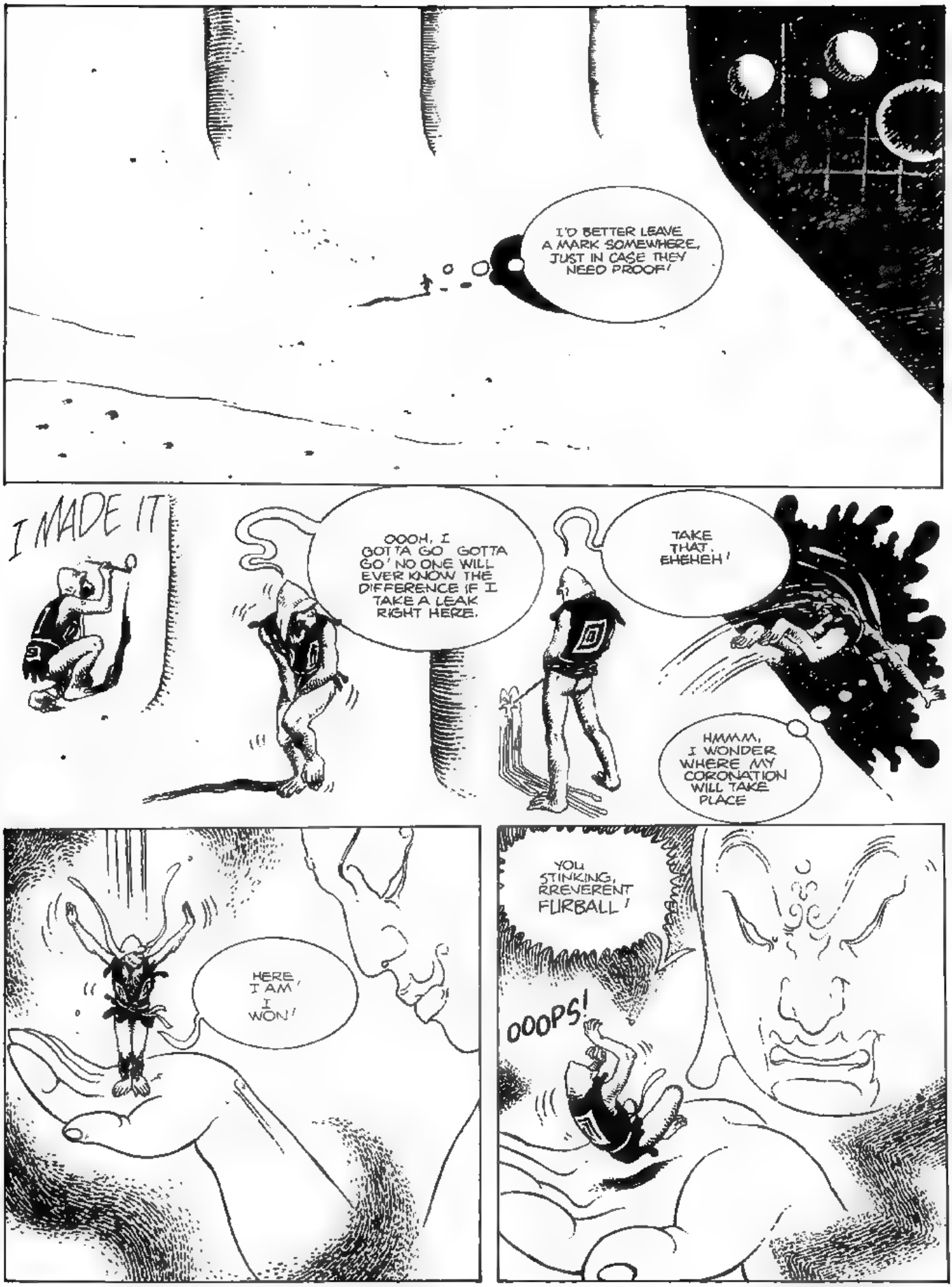


I AM THE BUDDHA OF THE WESTERN PARADISE. AND YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? SINCE WHEN DID YOU POSSESS ILLUMINATION? AND WHY DO YOU CAUSE SUCH HAVOC EVERYWHERE YOU ROAM?
I AM THE YOUNG 'MAGIC' APE FROM THE MOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT. I AM IMMORTAL AND ABLE TO CHANGE MYSELF INTO MANY DIFFERENT SHAPES, SIZES AND BEINGS. NOTHING SATISFIES ME MORE THAN LIVING IN THE HEAVEN OF GREEN JADE. I HATE THE CROWDED SURROUNDINGS MAN HAS BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO
SAINT PATIENCE! AREN'T YOU AN EVIL APE? WHAT IS IT EXACTLY THAT YOU WANT?
I WANT
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW
WELL IF I CAN'T BE KING, I WANT THE SECOND BEST THING, BEING THE HERO OF ALL TIME WILL SUIT ME JUST FINE!

HAHAHA! YOU'VE AIMED TOO HIGH, MY LITTLE NUBBLY FRIEND! GIVE UP AND I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH WHAT FEW POWERS YOU NOW POSSESS
THERE IS A PROVERB WHICH STATES
TODAY IS THE EMPEROR OF JADE'S TURN... TOMORROW IS YOURS.
SO
STRAK
GO AHEAD, BUDDHA! TELL THE EMPEROR TO MOVE ON AND LEAVE ME HIS THRONE. THE HAND OF POWER IS TCHING ME
LET'S SEE WHAT MAGIC TRICKS YOU POSSESS THAT WOULD MAKE YOU WORTHY OF THE KINGDOM BLESSED BY THE HEAVENS?

THIS BUDDHA GUY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S IN FOR! HASN'T HE HEARD OF THE YOUNG APE'S TRANSFORMATIONS?
DO YOU HAVE A FEW DAYS? I CAN HANDLE ABOUT 72 TRANSFORMATIONS AND IF THAT ISN'T IMPRESSIVE ENOUGH I CAN JUMP IN ONE SINGLE LEAP, MIND YOU- 80,000 YARDS MAYBE A LITTLE MORE
SO YOU WANT TO PUT A LITTLE MONEY DOWN ON THIS?
JUMP OVER THE PALM OF MY HAND!
IF YOU ARE ABLE TO, I WILL TELL THE EMPEROR OF JADE TO COME AND LIVE IN MY PALACE AND YOU CAN HAVE HIS. IF YOU CAN'T OH, WOE TO YOU!
THIS BUDDHA IS A COMPLETE IDIOT UNLESS, OF COURSE THIS IS SOME SORT OF A TRICK. THE PALM OF HIS LEFT HAND MUST BE APPROXIMATELY TWENTY CENTIMETERS. THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY PROBLEM.
OKAY I ACCEPT


yyEAAA
THE BUDDHA WATCHED THE YOUNG APE. HE WAS APPARENTLY AMUSED BY THE CHILDLIKE INNOCENCE OF THIS FURRY PERFORMER
E=mc²
I'M SOARING! READY TO LAND, WITH ROOM TO SPARE, I BET!
HERE, THIS IS WHERE THE WORLD ENDS. WHAT A GREAT JUMP!
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GO BACK AND CLAIM MY PRIZE FROM THAT BAG OF FLESH! OH, WAIT, A SECOND!


I'D BETTER LEAVE A MARK SOMEWHERE, JUST IN CASE THEY NEED PROOF!
I MADE IT
OOOH, I GOTTA GO GOTTA GO! NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE IF I TAKE A LEAK RIGHT HERE.
TAKE THAT, EHEHEH!
HMMM, I WONDER WHERE MY CORONATION WILL TAKE PLACE
HERE I AM! I WON!
YOU STINKING, RREVERENT FURBALL!
OOOPS!

YOU'VE BEEN ON MY MIND THE WHOLE TIME!
COME ON, BUDDHA! I WENT AS FAR AS THE BOUNDARIES OF THE WORLD! THERE WERE FIVE PILLARS OF PINK, AND THE MIDDLE ONE I WROTE
"I MADE IT"
I MADE IT
BUT BUT HOW COULD THIS BE?
AND THIS STENCH OF APE'S URINE DO YOU RECOGNIZE IT?

LET MY FINGERS TURN INTO THE FIVE ELEMENTS METAL WOOD WATER... FIRE EARTH' THEY SHALL FORM A MOUNTAIN, AN ETERNAL PRISON'
SANGENINI
ACQUA MI
NO!

AT THE GROTTO OF DYING WATER AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNT AN OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS NOT ONE MONTH LATER
COME ON TAKE OFF THE BLACK BAND
WE HAVE TO GO ON IN HIS NAME! WE CAN'T BURN EVERYTHING OF HIS!
ARE THEY A... HERE?
WHO KNOWS? FOR THE MOMENT, THE LIST ND CATES WE HAVE FORTY FOUR, PLUS THESE FOUR AFTERWARDS, WE'LL ROUND UP ANY NEW SUSPECTS!
WHERE ARE YOU TAK-ING ME?
NO COMMENT!
HOWEVER AT THE CHÂTEAU OF THE CLOUDS IN THE DIZZINESS OF THE PETALS AND THE ODOR OF THE INCENSE THE BANQUET HONOR NG BUDDHA, THE CONQUEROR OF THE YOUNG APE, COMES TO AN END.
THE CREDIT DOESN'T BELONG TO ME, BUT TO TAO AND THE OTHER DIVINITIES.
DON'T BE SO MODEST, OH POWERFUL BUDDHA! WITHOUT YOU, WESTERN AND CELESTIAL ECONOMY WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A CHANCE NOW I CAN HOLD OUT MY HAND AND HARVEST!
ME, TOO I SAW IT ALSO T WAS LIKE A TREMOR!
MR BUDDHA-MAN? PERHAPS IT IS THE WINE TALK-ING, BUT I COULD SWEAR THAT THE MOUNTAIN MOVED DOWN BELOW!

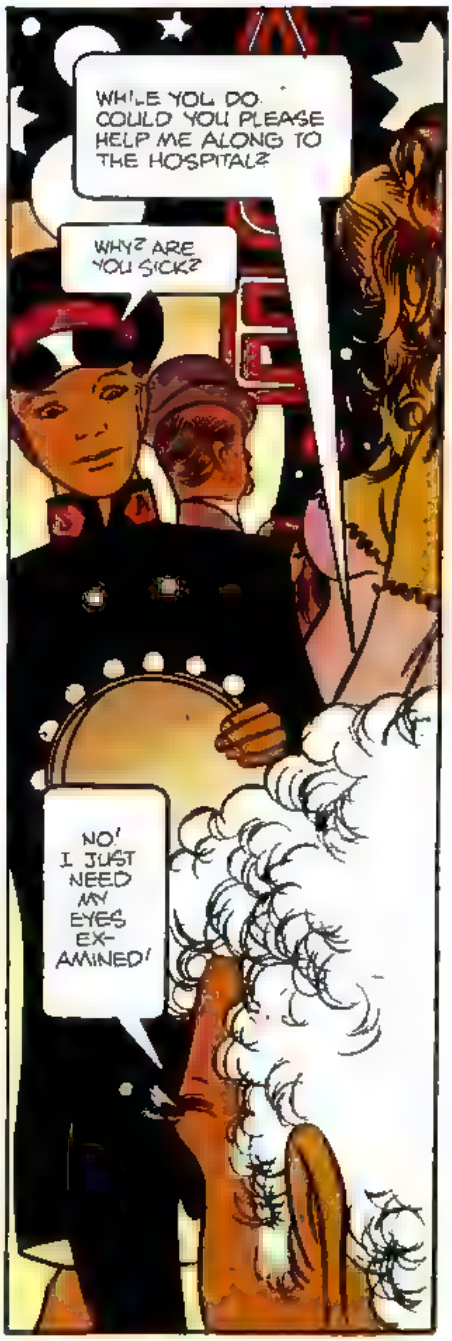
IS IT STILL MOVING? NO MATTER' TAKE THAT AND SEAL H M INSIDE'
LEAVE A SMALL SPACE SO HE CAN GET HIS AIR SUPPLY' IF HE'S HUNGRY, GIVE HIM AN IRON PILL IF HE'S THIRSTY, A COUPLE OF DROPS OF NECTAR SHOULD DO' THAT SILLY L TTLE CHIMP SHAN'T BOTHER US ANY LONGER'
'IRON AND NECTAR YES, DOCTOR'
FORUNATELY SHE'S STILL HERE'
THEY FREED HER A MOMENT AGO. SHE'S COMING FROM THE MOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS'
LET'S GO THERE, THEN'
THAT'S HER, SHE'S ALWAYS CRYING'
NO! NO! NO!

A LITTLE BLOOD IS LEFT ON THE SEAL'
THAT IS NOTHING' THAT'LL BE THE PROOF THAT SNOW WHITE IS REALLY DEAD'
WORKING CLASS
INTELLECTUALS OF SHIT
PACIFISTS
EVERYTHING IS DONE WITH
DISILLUSIONMENT
ROLE OF THE INTELLECTUALS
STILL A FEW MORE MONTHS
CONTINUE THE NEUROTIC FIGHT
WHICH ONE WAS THE YOUNG APE?
COMUMEA
PINELL

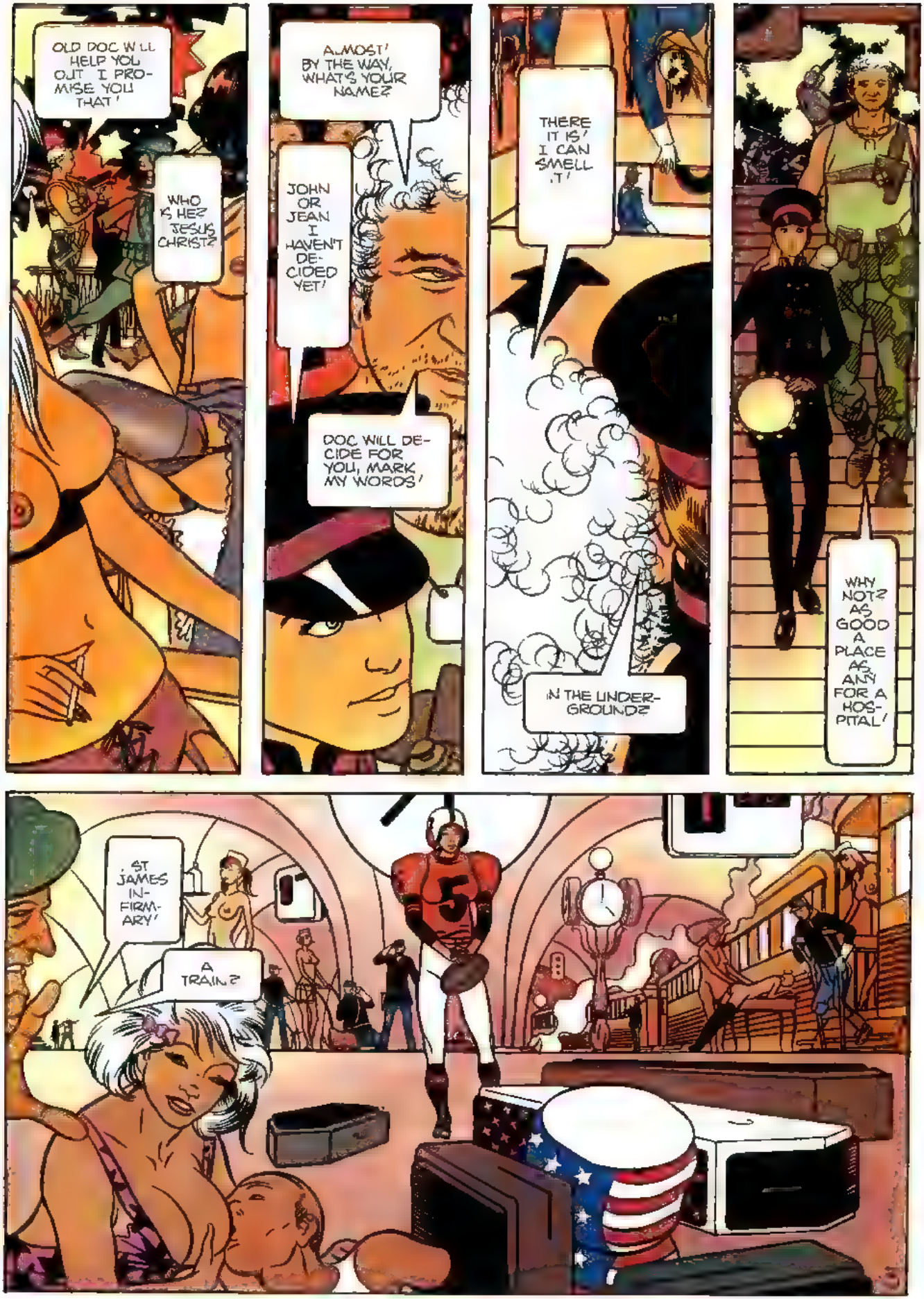
THE END

St. James Infirmary by Dick Matena

I'M NO GIRL SIR! I'M A BOY!
ARE YOU?.. IT'S YOUR VOICE SO HIGH-PITCHED. I MEAN, I CAN'T SEE, JUST HEAR, SO I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GIRL!
MANY PEOPLE DO. BUT I CAN EXPLAIN.



AH! SO YOU MAY BE ABLE TO SEE ONCE AGAIN!
ALAS! EVERY NOW AND THEN MY SIGHT THREATENS TO COME BACK THEN THE OLD DOC FIXES THINGS SO I'M BLIND AGAIN! AFTER ALL.
WHAT'S A BLIND WAR VETERAN BEGGING ON THE STREETS GOING TO DO WITH TWO HEALTHY EYES?
NOTHING, I SUPPOSE, EXCEPT GO ON WELFARE!
2
NEVER! I HAVE MY PRIDE! BUT PLEASE, TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR VOICE!
OH, YES!
WELL, AS A KID, I USED TO SING IN THE CHOIR OF THE ORPHANAGE AND THEY LOVED MY VOICE. SO, TO PREVENT IT FROM BECOMING A BASS OR A BARITONE, THEY TOOK ME TO THE VET!
AND HE WELL... HE DID WHAT HE WAS PAID FOR. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
HE HELPED YOU, LIKE HE DID THE CATS AND THE DOGS. SO YOUR VOICE WOULD ALWAYS BE THE SAME? VERY CLEVER!
YES! ONLY PROBLEM NOW IS I CAN'T DECIDE WHAT I WANT TO BE A MAN OR A WOMAN!


OLD DOC WILL HELP YOU OUT I PROMISE YOU THAT!
WHO IS HE? JESUS CHRIST?
ALMOST! BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JOHN OR JEAN I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET!
DOC WILL DECIDE FOR YOU, MARK MY WORDS!
THERE IT IS! I CAN SMELL IT!
IN THE UNDERGROUND?
WHY NOT? AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY FOR A HOSPITAL!
ST JAMES INFIRMARY!
A TRAIN?

IT GETS DOC QUICK AND COMFORTABLY TO HIS CLIENTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. LEFT OVER FROM HIS YEARS IN THE ARMY
THAT'S WHERE DOC AND I MET AAAHH, THOSE OLD DAYS, THEY'LL NEVER DIE! THEY JUST FADE AWAY!
4
KEEP THE CHANGE, MY POOR MAN!
CLINK!
CLINK2
HEY, YOU BASTARD!
I'M NOT BEGGING, I'M PERFORMING SO TAKE YOUR LOUSY MONEY OR PAY THE FULL PRICE FOR A FRONT ROW SEAT!
THAT WASN'T A BAD HIT I MEAN, FOR A BLIND MAN!
TOO GOOD, MY BOY! SIGHT IS RECOVERING QUICKLY! HURRY UP! LET'S GO SEE DOC!
DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?
DOC! THANK GOD! FIX MY EYES OR I'M OUT OF BUSINESS!
GOOD DAY DOCTOR!
HELLO, MY BOY!

THAT'S THE POINT, DOC! HE ISN'T SURE YET WHETHER HE IS A BOY OR NOT!
AH! YOU'RE BRINGING IN ANOTHER ONE?

WANT 'M?
THE USUAL FEE?
DOUBLE! THIS ONE'S ALREADY HALF FINISHED! A VET DID PART OF THE JOB!

TERRIFIC! HERE'S YOUR MONEY!
NURSE!
YES?

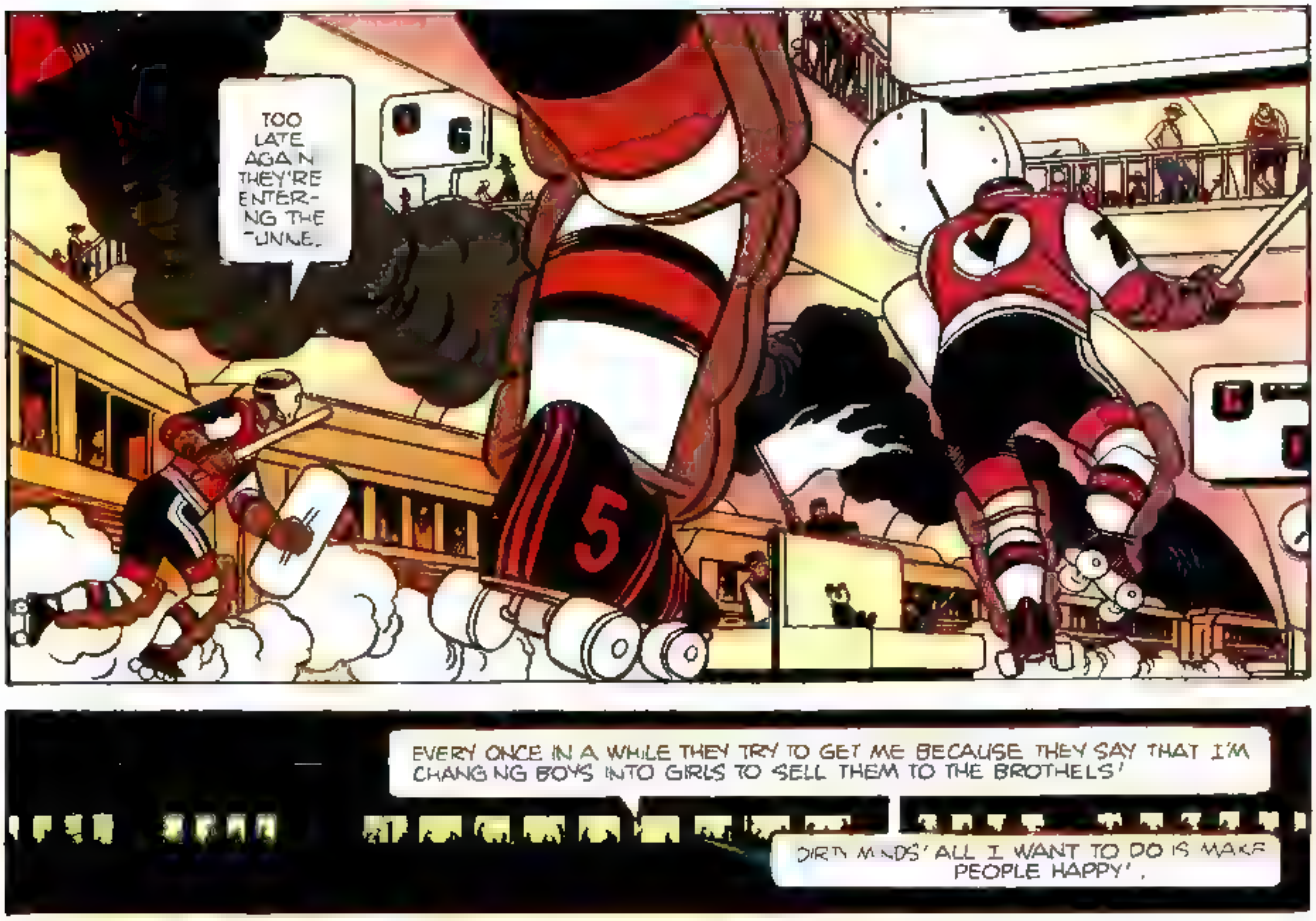
FIX POP'S EYES!
BUT DOC, I TRUST ONLY YOU!
NONSENSE! SHE'S ASSISTED ME FOR YEARS! SHE'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS I AM!

COME ON, BOY!
CAN YOU HELP ME?
I CAN'T MAKE YOU A COMPLETE BOY AGAIN, BUT I CAN TURN YOU INTO A GIRL!

GET IN!
THAT LEAVES ME LITTLE CHOICE HOW MUCH WILL IT COST?

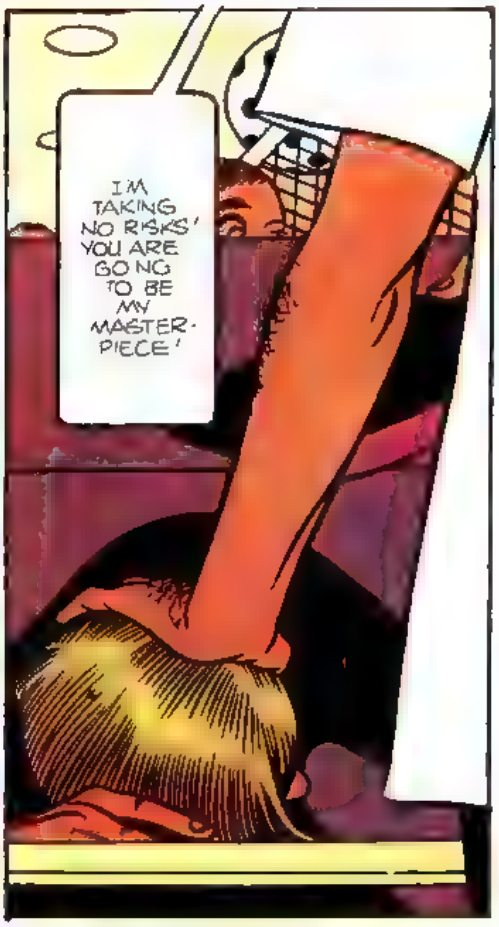
1
ECEPTION
NOTHING'
CASES LIKE YOU I DO FOR THE FUN OF IT' I ADORE GIRLS' THE MORE THERE ARE, THE BETTER'
1
BUT ARE YOU ANY GOOD DOC? CAN YOU SHOW ME RESULTS?
NURSE?
YES, DOC-TOR?
6
SHOW THIS BOY YOUR PHOTOGRAPH
WITH PLEASURE
WHO'S HE?
THAT WAS ME BEFORE DOC HELPED ME'
GEE' HOW DID YOU GET INTO THIS LINE ANY-WAY DOC?

I LOVED MY MOTHER, HATED MY FATHER MOTHER DIED YOUNG AND FATHER SEEMED TO LIVE ON FOR-EVER'.
SO WHEN I FINISHED MY MEDICAL STUDIES AND BECAME A DOCTOR, I ANAESTHETIZED MY FATHER AND TURNED HIM INTO A MOTHER
AMAZING' AND DID IT WORK?
NOT QUITE SATISFACTOR-ILY I NOW HATE MY MOTHER'
BUT THAT'S ALL A LONG TIME AGO' LET'S TALK ABOUT
TRIIIIIIII!!
WHAT WAS THAT?
THE VICE SQUAD' TIME TO GO'
TRI!!!
DINGE
BG
BANGIN'



EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE THEY TRY TO GET ME BECAUSE THEY SAY THAT I'M CHANG NG BOYS INTO GIRLS TO SELL THEM TO THE BROTHELS'

DIRTY MINDS' ALL I WANT TO DO IS MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY'.



LATER
WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?
EASY MY DEAR TAKE IT EASY! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
WHO... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NOTHING REALLY! I JUST PASSED BY! I'M THE CLEANER YOU KNOW
NOTHING!? YOU'RE RAPING ME! ME, AN INNOCENT BOY!
9
A BOY!? HA! LOOK IN THE MIRROR!
OOHH
I'M A GIRL! AND I AM BEAUTIFUL!
YES, YOU ARE! THAT'S WHY I UM. WELL, I LOST CONTROL AND AND

LOST CONTROL? YOU UGLY MAN! HOW DARE YOU TOUCH ME? OUT!
PLEASE! LET ME PUT ON MY TROUSERS FIRST!
OUT I SAID!
AAH!
A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE ME, BEING TOUCHED BY A MAN WITH SPECTACLES! TERRIFYING!
AH YES! SHE IS MY MASTERPIECE!
POTENT
PLAYDOG
I CAN SEE THE PICTURE NOW! A FOLD-OUT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MEDICAL MAGAZINES ALL OVER THE WORLD! WE'LL GO DOWN IN HISTORY, I'M SURE!

THE BEGINNING!

I'M AGE

LA DI, LA DI, DI LA
DI LA, LA DI, LA DI,
LA DI. DI LA
DI LA, LA DI
LA DI, DI LA
'GREAT NOTES, AREN'T THEY? I LEARNED THEM.
LA DI, DI LA, LA DI
LA DI, LA DI, DI LA,
DI LA LA DI, DI LA.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY DIFFERENT WAYS TWO NOTES CAN BE COMBINED?

TWO.

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MUSIC. BUT I LIKE WHAT I KNOW.
© JEFFREY JONES 1985

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

Photography Bob Smith

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts 'Roger' the paranoid puppet. Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE 77: Macedo s Rock blitz,' highly praised 'Shells," beginning of Davis's 'World Apart,' Moebius, Corben, Bodé more

#4/JULY '77 Lots of Moebius 'Arzach,' part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow" conclusion of Sunpot

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of "Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart and "Den' continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77. Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera plus more World Apart "Den, and "Polonius

#7/OCTOBER '77. Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius s "Arright Garage, 'Den and Polonius' back again, yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77 New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for 'Polonius' and 'World Apart'

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz,' by Druillet 'Fortune s Fool ' by Chaykin and Wein p us full-color Corben Macedo C aveloux and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78. Morrow illustrates Zelazny 'Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses* "Conquering Armies concludes. 'Den' continues

#11/FEBRUARY 78 New adventures of 'Barbarella' wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al

#12/MARCH '78 Swashbuckling 'Orion' debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow more 'Barbarella Urm and Den

#13/APRIL 78 Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from 'Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps it up

#14/MAY '78, ' Urm the Mad waves bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and A ex Nino tips his hat

#15/JUNE '78. Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic 'More Than Human is illustrated more 'Barbare la ' and the origins of 'Heilman

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for 'Barbare la '" a sad ending for 1996 '" resumption of Druillet s 'Gail,' more 'Heilman ' 'Orion, 'More Than Human and Corben s Arabian Nights

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY - SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: Exterminator 17, Et son s illustrated 'Glass Goblin' debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus usua

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire '" more 'Sindbad ' 'Exterminator, 'Major Grubert, 'Heilman 's final rebirth more

#21/DECEMBER '78. The stock ng s full with 'Orion, 'Kirchner's 'Tarot and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79 Trina debuts here, and Druillet concludes "Ga plus McKie and Corben 'How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79. 'Galactic Geographic ' 'Starcrown, 'Corben s 'Sindbad,' McKie s 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus Moebius B la and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester s "The Stars My Destination 'Starcrown II, and Ellison s late show

#25/APRIL '79 SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It s all-American (except for Druillet s 'Dancin' and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben 'Morrow, the illustrated Alien

#27/JUNE 79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79. Bodé s 'Zooks premieres. Corben s 'Sindbad' concludes 'Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with 'New Ark City, plus Mayerik Suydam 'Galactic Geographic ' Bodé more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: 'Elric 'Buck Rogers,' a lizard named 'Elvis,'" and 'Little Red V-3 ' alongside Montellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79 A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let's give thanks for Corben s 'Rowlf ' Bodé s 'Zooks, 'Brunner's 'Elric,' Chaykin s 'The Stars My Destination Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben Kofoed Suydam Stiles Trina, Moebius, and Ellison plus 'Gnomes and 'Giants.

#34/JANUARY '80 A new year/new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben s 'Rowlf and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben s 'The Beast of Wolf ton" begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80 Why did 'The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs s 'Good Vibrations '

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue 32 pages of Champakou in living color, final installment of Moebius s "Airtight Garage plus Caza Bilal Howarth Corben Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY 80 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will 'Champakou' reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never tell

#39/JUNE '80: Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY 80 'The Alchemist Supreme continues Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky Bilal s 'Progress' begins and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave

#41/AUGUST 80 Druillet returns with the 1st installment of 'Salammbo while Moebius concludes 'Shore Leave' (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal s "Progress!' picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while 'Rock Opera' gets stranger yet

#43/OCTOBER [illegible] SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80 With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze this issue s cover by Haime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux Moebius Kaluta Springett and Bilal

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben s 'Illustrated 'Bloodstar Crepax s "Valentina and Godard and Ribera s ' 'What Is Reality Papa?' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog 'Rock Opera and Moebius

#46/JANUARY 81 [illegible] SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense while 'The Horny Goof an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself

#48/MARCH '81: 'Tex Arcana ' John Findley's epic Western, be-

gins "What Is Reality Papa?" and The Ambassador of the Shadows continue, Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America

#49/APRIL '81: "Art and the Nazis," Corben's "Bloodstar Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stories from London" and an interview with Julio Ribera Don't think we could do it in one shot did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals Fête!" Plus Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's Changes winds up Plus Caza Chaykin Crepax and our own John Workman!

#52/JULY '81: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor" Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup gallery wraps it all up.

#53/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER 81. Shakespeare for Americans" 1st episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary", a gallery section devoted to Druillet plus Jeff Jones, Bilal and Steranko

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World" Jeff Jones Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully

#57/DECEMBER '81: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles, and Corben Plus odd ending to "The Immortals" Fête

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno Loustal Voss Hé and Gillon and "The Autonomous Man" by Davis Chudnow, and Balfour AI surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson Segrelles Steranko, et al.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in "The Incal Light" Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuiten et al.

#60/MARCH '82 Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Materna's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon Luis Garcia's Nova 2 begins Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," Den Rock Opera, etc Enjoy

#61/APRIL '82 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of materia What with Claveloux Druillet Moebius, Bilal and an essay on J G Ballard you'll be busy until our 6th

#62/MAY '82: In this issue, we give you the 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at "The Art of De Es Schwertberger" Plus "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey

#63/JUNE '82. We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue With artists Voss, Caza, Sciabbi, and R. Crumb All surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Schuiten, and Fernandez Enjoy

#64/JULY '82 Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy* Plus Jones, Garcia, Druillet, etc

#65/AUGUST '82: We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape" Plus the finale of "The Incal Light," by Moebius and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82 We give you Hecht's Music-Video Interface, Lupoff's "Barsoom" and Hinge's "Object" Plus our regulars Bilal Fernandez Kierkegaard, etc.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible Don't read it alone! P S Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82 Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck" Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does Den II and Druillet's "Yragael" Plus a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*

#69/DECEMBER 82. A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog" and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus our regulars Corben Fernandez, and Kierkegaard

#70/JANUARY '83: We bring the strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show" a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and our regulars Manara, Corben Fernandez, etc Happy reading

#71/FEBRUARY '83 The making of the film *The Entity* Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul* and our regulars, Corben, Kaluta, Crepax etc

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Cinderella

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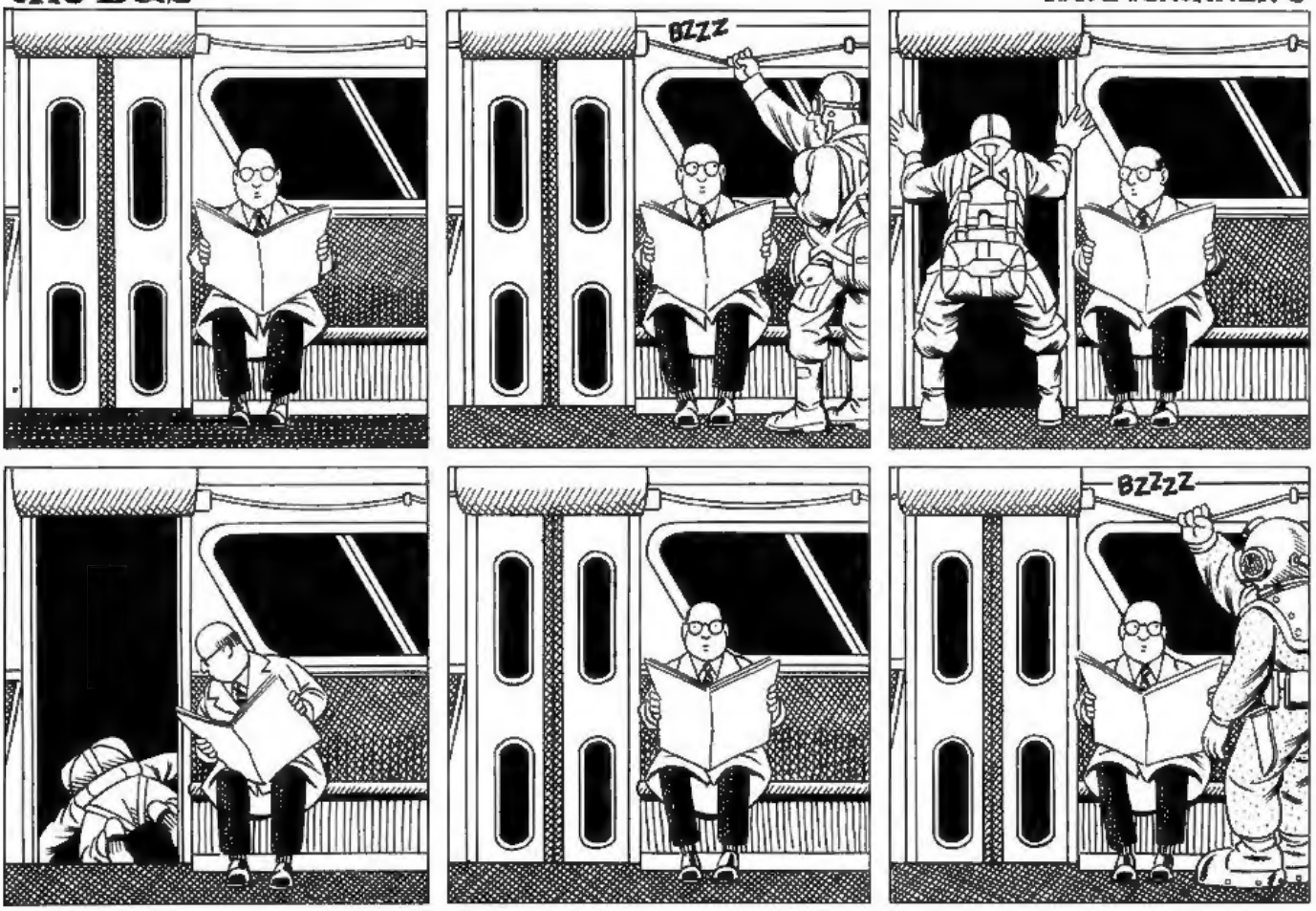

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